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Secret Machinations,

A NOVEL,

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

Secret Machinations.

A NOVEL,

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY

SARAH ANN HOOK,

AUTHOR OF THE WIDOWED BRIDE; OR, CELINA.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In ev'ry work, regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend:
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

VOL. IV.

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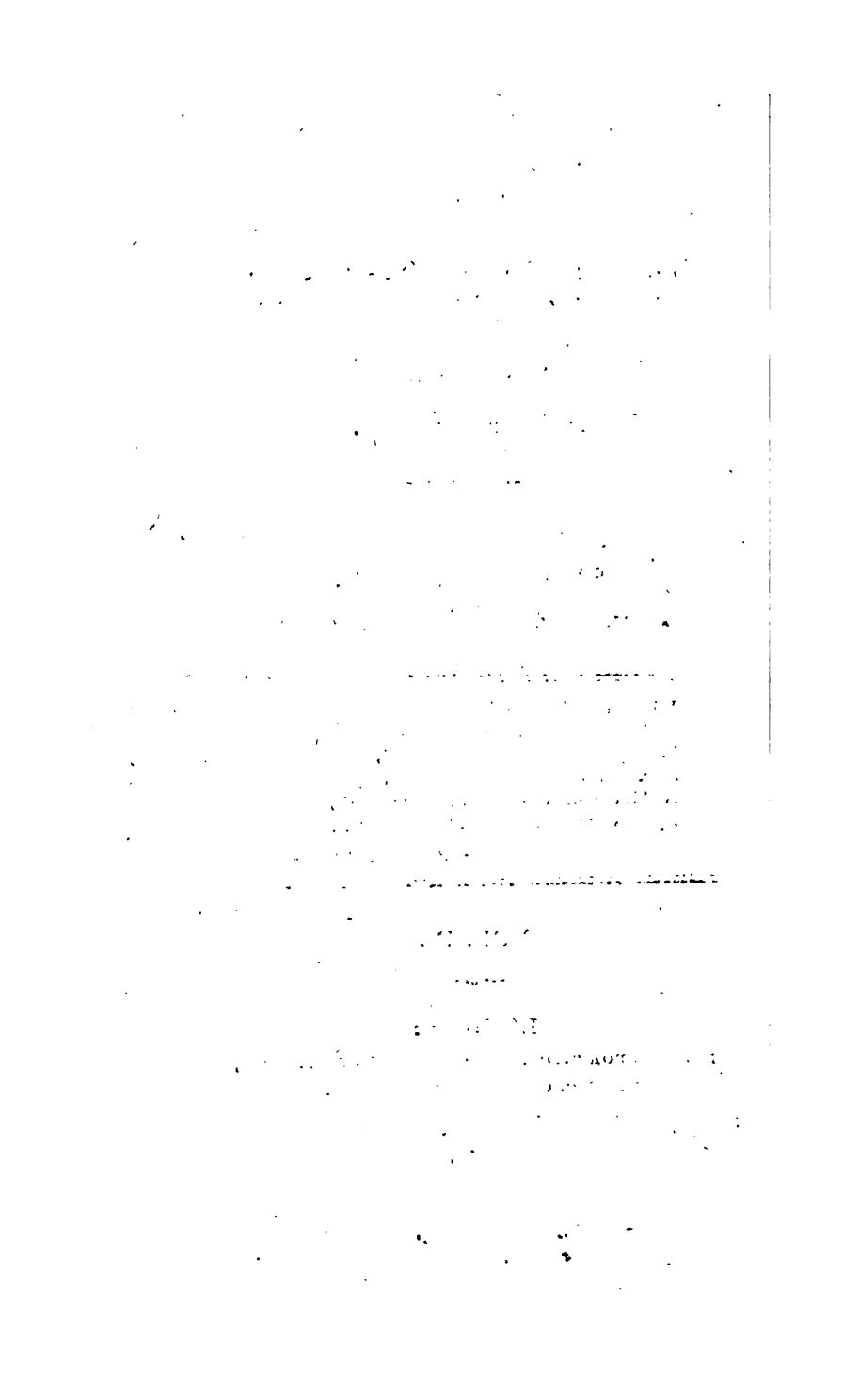

Secret Machinations.

CHAP. I.

"SIGNORE Lustrini found me in the deepest grief at the account Gerarda had of my Imma, which he found the means of alleviating by pointing out the possibility of her being safe under the care of Metella: he then related the substance of his discourse, but withheld the account of Cassandra, until forced by his entreaties to relate it. My brain, at the account of such enormous crimes, committed by a brother, was heated to a degree of madness, and I certainly should, had my brother

been present, have taken that life he was so weary of.

"My friends spent the greatest part of the night in my chamber, and left me at last, as they hoped, to sleep, but in vain I tried to close my eyes. Most impiously did I arraign the justness of God, for suffering me to live under such accumulating sorrows; then a hope would dart across my breast, that my child would one day be given to my arms, to reward me for my long suffering—in the morning unable to rise, and the evening found me worse, when the affections of my friends led them to think medical advice necessary. Signore Lustrini found Lozano something better, which was contrary to his expectations, as he judged the violent agitations, and exertions of the day before would have added to the disorder: he observed to Lozano, that the visible amendment in him demand-

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ed thanks to the Almighty, and also prayers for its continuance, to which he consented, and prayed with great devotion. Signore Lastrini, promised to admit a priest to him the next day? 'My friend,' said Lozano, "a sentence which you repeated yesterday, struck strongly on my mind, and my thoughts have dwelt on it all night; will you explain it?'—'Most assuredly; what is it?'

"You told me that revenge was not my brother's aim; that he felt deeply his injuries, but left to God the avenging of them. My brother's wrongs are not common ones, had they been, you might have judged from your former knowledge of him, how he would have acted; but labouring under injuries so uncommon, and cruel, inflicted by the hand of a brother, he must be more than angel to bear them with the christian patience you say he does; and

you must have seen, or had some communication with that injured brother, to have enabled you to assure me of his pardon as you have done.'

'And would not you with pleasure receive the same from him? Would it not revive your spirits, and heal your soul to hear him pronounce, brother, I forgive you; and may your prayers rise as incense to heaven, and draw down divine mercy and forgiveness from above?'

'Ah!' my friend, 'to hear him pronounce forgiveness, would be balm to my soul; but how can I look a brother in the face, whose peace I have so cruelly murdered? But say—ease me, for my mind is on the torture—is my brother—have you seen him?'

"Compose yourself, Lozano. Why this agitation? It will hurt you.'

"O! tell me, do not keep me in this dreadful suspense; tell me, is my brother

ther in Europe? Is he here? O! save me from his wrath, let him not come nigh me.'

"My dear Lozano, why this dread of a good brother, who has neither power or will to hurt you? The laws of nature, implanted in our hearts by our Creator, takes from him the power; and his mild, soft disposition, all forgiveness, deprives him of the will.'

"And is there, can there exist in his breast, a single feeling which tells him I am a son of his mother? Can he bear to hear my name mentioned, with the least degree of calmness?'

"Yes, Lozano, he can, and does, and when you will permit him, he will come to your bedside, and bid you live.'

"Lozano lay for sometime in unspeakable agony, but at last groaned out, 'Who ransomed him? How did he obtain his liberty?'

"Signore Lustrini then briefly informed him of my escape from Morocco, and emancipation from Algiers, when Lozano gave a piercing scream which made the chamber ring, then said, 'Did he find that compassion in the breast of a stranger, which his brother could not feel?'

"This scene quite overcame Signore Lustrini, and he left Lozano with a promise to see him in the evening, when he found him much worse, and the physician's fear returned. Four days did the vital spark quiver in his lips, when it pleased the Almighty to strenghten it, to re-animate the body it was about to leave; and on the fifth day Signore Lustrini brought me the pleasing news, that some hopes were entertained of his living; I must own it gave me pleasure, for as he knew I was at Tarento, and had evinced so much sorrow and repentance, I wished

him

him to live to hear me assure him of my forgiveness; for three weeks, my friend, Signore Lustrini, attended on Lozano, and nearly as long did I claim the attendance of Gerarda.

"At length Lozano was able to walk about the room, and I out of doors; he became a sincere penitent, and was never happy but in the company of Signore Lustrini, or the priest; and on the fifth week, I, by his desire, was admitted to see him. I cannot describe my feelings on entering the room: Lozano was sitting, the priest by his side. I had not walked two paces in the room, when he fainted. I could not go near him, but passed the room in speechless agony; when he recovered, he arose and tottered towards me, sunk at my feet, and exclaimed, 'Forgive me! forgive me! and let me die,' then fainted again; I assisted to raise him, and lay him on the bed, where he con-

tinued in violent convulsions for a considerable time. I had recourse to a glass of wine to support me.

"When he recovered, I went to the bed and embraced him tenderly, assuring him of my forgiveness. I must confess that every thing was forgot in his sufferings, which affected me so much that I was obliged to leave the room. On my going to the drawing room I was surrounded by my old servants, who, with honest zeal, and tears in their eyes, welcomed me home: the looks of each, asked what I could not at that time have told them, and dismissed them, saying, when I was more at ease I would tell them of my adventures; and I ordered the major domo to see the room I used to sleep in prepared for me, and two others for my friends. The next day I visited my brother, but he was too weak to speak. I took his hand and pressed it tenderly,

then

then left the room. Eager to go in search of Imma, I proposed it to my friends, and Signore Lustrini offered, to remain with Lozano, and Gerarda, to accompany me. I thought my first step should be to visit Metella's friends, whose place of residence I knew was Tursi: there I found one of her sisters, who informed me she had not heard of Metella but once since she left Tarento, and that was by mere chance; but she believed she was at Amalfi, this gave me hopes, and to Amalfi we posted with all speed, my hopes all alive, and my spirits all afloat. My first caution was to send a letter to Father Alberti, lest I should surprise him too much; the good father with the abbot, waited on me: instantly I saw joy, and grief, alternately take place of each other in their pious countenances. I inquired if they had ever seen my Imma; they told me with uplifted hands and eyes,

that for twelve years, they had protected her from the designs of her uncle, but that a few months ago she was stolen from them, by, they believed, an English lord; that hitherto their search had been vain.

"This account threw me into an agony of sorrow: again was the long expected cup of happiness dashed from my lips. It is wonderful that nature could so long bear up against such great and repeated blows. How often were my hopes raised, by a distant, or fancied, prospect of happiness or relief, then destroyed by some added woe! I fell into a degree of melancholy. My health was not so much affected by this last stroke to my happiness, as my mind, which my good friends saw, and never suffered me to be alone; and to the pious conversation of the good fathers, I owe the preservation of my senses. When the worthy Metella heard of my arrival,

arrival, she flew to me in all the distraction of a plundered mother, lamenting the loss of her only child, torn from her by the cruel hand of man; hours would she sit by my side recounting her virtues, her beauties, and her goodness; and the Countess and Earl of Cleobright, she spoke of with the highest veneration.

"In a fortnight I brought myself to the resolution of going in search of Imma, and England was to be taken in my route. I communicated my resolves to Gerarda: he approved of them, and wrote an account of all we had discovered at Amalfi to his father, which was accompanied by a letter from me to my brother, informing him in the kindest terms of my discovery, and loss of Imma. I then attended my duty at the chapel, and after mass was over, I vowed in the most solemn manner to the Holy Virgin, that, if

she would assist me in recovering my child, I would devote her future life to the service of her God! Hence the reluctance, my dear Imma, which I felt, to give my consent to your marriage with the count. And now Prince Gareci, you will acquit me of the idea which you may justly entertain, that pride, or resentment, stimulated the seeming severity of my conduct, and to Father Alberti alone are we indebted for a revocation of that vow! I must own I am not quite easy on that business, or the right I have to do so, but my good friend assures me, that the church will feel no difficulty in absolving me.

"Every thing was prepared, and the next morning we were to depart, when some time after Gerarda, the fathers, and myself, had retired for the night, the servant arrived, who brought the happy news of Imma being found.

This

This news did not detain us much longer at Amalfi, it only added two more persons to our party, father Alberti and Metella. I need not say, that since I entered this hospitable roof, that happiness has poured on me as fast as my miseries had done before; and I humbly hope, that my present blessings may be spared me to the end of life. My friend Gerarda, having been absent from his Angelica full three months, excused himself from accompanying me farther than Mantua, but promised to attend me when ever I chose to command him; and, as it is Imma's wish, that her friend Theresa, should, by her presence at the marriage ceremony, complete her happiness; and, on that account, our departure from this good, this friendly mansion, is uncertain, I wish to dispatch a courier to Tarento, with letters, fully acquainting Signore Lustrini with my present

present happy situation. His good heart will rejoice to know that I have found all my long-lost treasures; he will make my brother acquainted with them at his discretion.

"Why Cassandra's death was reported to Lozano, I cannot think."

"I can," replied Cassandra: "the men who had attended me so many years, through fear, no doubt, reported my death; and from the certainty they entertained of Lozano's dying, they were under no apprehension of being detected in the falsehood by him."

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

COUNT Orsato Sansovino retired to write letters to Signore Lustrini and Gerarda, also to the abbot, at Amalfi; while the company remarked and observed on the various, and almost unprecedented sufferings of so amiable a man, who, although he had past the prime of his life, from twenty to thirty-four, in misery and slavery, yet his person possessed its original grace and elegance; and his countenance that affable sweetness, and benign smile, for which in his youth he was so much admired.

"My good Father Alberti," said the Earl of Cleobright, "after hearing so many shocking and uncommon adventures

tures related, and seeing the strange and intricate windings of Providence, we can wonder at nothing. Yet this change of sons, between Prince Gareci and myself, is not one of the least wonderful events, which have taken place in these eventful weeks of our lives. I am under no apprehension of losing by the change, either in the measure of love and duty, or honour, he will reflect on me as a son. I have great reason to be proud of the many amiable virtues my real son possesses, which virtues I admired with a degree of enthusiasm, long before I had any knowledge of the degree of relationship which exist between us. Indeed, Maria drew many of his amiable qualities to my view, and I at one time feared she felt too partial an esteem, for a young man doomed to pass his days in seclusion. But I would know, my good Alberti, if the worthy abbot has furnished

nished you with any account of the circumstances of his finding him."

"Yes, earl," they are briefly these: "Our worthy abbot, after being unanimously chosen to preside over our convent, went a pilgrimage to Loretto; in his return, he visited Bologna, his native place; in his way from thence to Rome, crossing the Appennines, between Florence and Avezza, he found the child, then not two years old as he thought; he made what inquiries he could in these thinly inhabited mountains, but to no purpose; he took the infant to Rome with him, and from Rome to Amalfi, where he was put out to nurse; until he was of an age to live in the convent."

"We early saw the pleasing dawnings of a fine, and strong genius; and on many occasions, a truly noble spirit broke forth, which gave birth to an opinion in the minds of the fathers, that

that his parents were noble; at least, if not so by birth, they were in principle; and that much of the parents' genius, worth, and honour, had descended to their child; he soon became the idol of the whole convent, and the love of the fathers, assisted by his own merit, has made him what you have found him."

This account did not lead to the elucidation the earl wished, namely, by whom he was stolen; yet he could not have a doubt that he was his son.

On Imma's tender conscience, her father's now lay with great weight. On retiring for the night, she went to her mother's room, and offered to yield her happiness to the performance of it.

"No, my child," said Cassandra, "do you think you would be an acceptable offering to your God? It is the heart of the creatures he wants, not

not their persons! Was you shut up in a convent, your heart and mind would be ever with the amiable Antonio, and your God would be the last object on which your thoughts would rest: regret for your lost happiness, would ever intrude between your God and you! You would think on him as a Being, who had deprived you of all your happiness in this world, instead of him from whom all your joys flow. Father Alberti would not so readily have promised him the absolution of the church, had he known it to be against her conscience, or that it militated against her honour. The true honour of the church is to receive, nor admit no votaries, but such as come heart in hand; such, for whom the world has no joys, and retire from it, the more fully to indulge in the only pleasure they are capable of enjoying—the pleasure of devoting to their God that life, which, either

either from inclination or circumstance, can no longer be useful in the world. God placed us on earth for social purposes, to promote the happiness of each other, as well as his glory. And the Almighty is as well pleased with the character of a virtuous, affectionate wife, a fond and tender mother, as he is with the most pious recluse; for, with the character of a good wife, and tender mother, that of a good Christian is inseparable. When, my Imma, I speak of a tender mother, I do not refer to kind indulgence alone, for the truly tender mother is tender of her childrens' morals, as well as of their health, wants, and feelings; and how can she teach them their duty to their God, but by example, as well as precepts; and the mother, who would instil in her childrens' minds, a proper sense of each Christian duty, must perform them herself; besides, my

Imma,

Imma, the good wife, mother, and Christian, is a more useful character than the recluse, and, therefore, a more pleasing one to God: she has many opportunities of being useful beyond the circle of his own family; but the utmost good a pious nun can do, is, by her examplary piety, to excite devotion in those around her.

"Now, tell me, my Imma, was you, in obedience to your father's vow, to shut yourself up for life, could you carry with you a heart perfectly estranged from the world? Would your wishes never fly beyond the gates which shut you up from the world? For, believe me, my child, unless you present to your God a heart entirely his, and a mind devoutly bent on heavenly contemplation, the offering you make is but mockery."

"Indeed, madam," said Imma, "I feel not the least wish to quit the world,

world, nor will I pretend to say, that my heart, or desires, would rest within the convent; but I would struggle all in my power against my desires and wishes, and shut myself up in obedience to my father's vow, rather than he should incur the wrath of heaven by breaking it."

"My worthy girl, I see your wishes, but heaven will be satisfied with less than the sacrifice of your happiness. Go to your chamber, my love, and may your heart never lose one atom of its present purity: may you always think and feel with the same religious justness."

Emma retired to her chamber, happy in having performed her duty, by offering herself to her father's vows; and not less pleased and happy, in the conviction, that she was not bound by that vow.

A month elapsed since Count Orsa-

to's consent had been given to his daughter's wedding, which time Imma divided between her new found parents and friends, and the beautiful little Phenas. Lady Maria partook of the pleasures of the nursery with Imma, while the elder ladies were busily employed in arranging matters for the approaching union: the gentlemen found ample amusement in the company of each other. Lord Linton, Lord Stellor, Count Antonio, and William Kenelm, appeared to find and enjoy peculiar pleasure in each other's company, while the Earl, Prince Gareci, Count Orsato, Sir George, and her Kenelm, were not less attached by reciprocal kindnesses. Perhaps nine men, of different countries and ages, never met, who could so well amuse and inform each other, and shine bright lights to all; nor were Fathers Alberti and Basil the least to be admired in this group of great men!

men! True wisdom, clear understanding, and just principles, marked each sentence they uttered, and though the presence of these good men now and then threw a shadow of restraint over the younger part of the company, yet they gave solidity to the feast of reason, and made ample amends by the knowledge they diffused around them.

At the latter end of the following week Joseph arrived, with accounts of Theresa's return. Imma begged she might be allowed to go in the carriage to fetch her, which was agreed to—Lady Maria and Count Antonio accompanying her. Imma, knowing the state of her friend's wardrobe, took care to provide herself with every thing necessary to make her appearance at M. Kenelm's; when the coach stopped at Lissa's Cottage, Imma had not patience to wait the steps being let down; out she jumped, and was in Theresa's arms

in

in an instant, exclaiming, "My dear Theresa, I am delighted to see you; your dear Pheneas grows a lovely boy; give me joy; I have found my father, mother, and Lord Stellar—Count Antonio I mean."

Theresa, who was much fatigued and weakened by the long and dreary pilgrimage, shed tears in her friend's arms, but could neither ask nor understand the meaning of the last part of her speech. Count Antonio saw the violent conflict in Theresa's bosom; he took her hand, and endeavoured to draw her attention to trifles, that these emotions should subside; it was long before Theresa was sufficiently at ease to ask, or answer any questions; and, it was agreed, that they should spend the night at the cottage, and begin their journey early in the morning.

Joseph went to inform the abbot of Imma's arrival. He immediately came

to the cottage, and gave her joy of her being restored to her friends, and inquired affectionately after his son Pheneas: he then invited Count Antonio to the convent to pass the night, which he accepted; and, seeing Imma had a long tale to relate, with which Lady Maria was well acquainted, he invited her to see the convent gardens which were very beautiful.

Theresa had but little to relate, only that she had suffered much during her pilgrimage: the most excessive fatigue and cold: often sleeping in out-houses, and sometimes in the fields: days of the keenest hunger, and nights of wearied pain. They were always relieved at each village and town they passed through; yet, so slow did they walk with lacerated feet, that in some parts, thinly inhabited, two days would scarcely bring them from village to village. "But, I hope, my friend,"

said

said Theresa, "that I have obtained the end for which I undertook this pilgrimage, and that my prayers were accepted. The Almighty, and his Blessed Son, I trust, saw and received my penitence and contrition."

Imma then related all the strange events and discoveries which had taken place since her departure.

Theresa was lost in wonder, and said, "She would not despair, but encourage the hope that one day or other, her uncle would see her fault with a less rigid eye, and allow her something to support her and the child. If it was in Lissa's cottage she should be content."

"No! my dear Theresa," said Imma, "while I am mistress of a better house, the good Lissa's cottage shall not give you shelter."

Count Antonio returned with Lady Maria; and, on taking leave, he

charged them to rise early. Theresa wished to excuse herself from going to M. Kenelm's, as there was so much company; but desired Lissa and Pheneas might return to the cottage.

"Indeed," said Count Antonio, "that cannot be allowed; for the pleasure of your company has my happiness been postponed for full six weeks. I should have received this precious gift from the hands of her parents, but she entreated you might be present to partake of the general happiness. No one will feel such exalted happiness as myself, which will certainly receive an addition, if you will oblige your Imma, and honour us with your presence."—Imma looked her wishes, and Theresa could no longer refuse.

On their arrival at M. Kenelm's, Theresa was led to the nursery by Madam Kenelm, who kindly welcomed her

her as she entered the house. Theresa shed tears of pleasure and pain over her infant, and declared she should not have known him, he was so much grown, and was dressed to so much advantage; for the ladies had all assisted in increasing his wardrobe.

The next day Theresa was introduced to the whole party. The Count and Countess of Sansavino offered her their protection; every one was particular in paying her every attention. None more warmly welcomed her return than William Kenelm; and related to her, with a mixture of pleasure and concern, the stigma Abbé Carbeau had endeavoured to cast on herself and Imma.

In a few days Theresa recovered her looks, and her fine transparent skin soon lost the redness it had received by the constant exposure to the weather during her pilgrimage; each day those

beauties increased and broke forth to view, which had long been vailed by the rough hand of grief, adversity, hardship, and fatigue; and Theresa appeared a new interesting and unfortunate beauty, to excite the philanthropy of her surrounding friends.

The day arrived which gave Count Antonio his long-loved Imma: the ceremony, agreeable to the Romish church, was first performed by a priest of the parish; and an English clergyman who was in the neighbourhood, on his travels with a noblemen, attended, and performed the marriage ceremony according to the Protestant church. It is not possible to describe the tranquil happiness, which prevaded every countenance, except Theresa's; yet, her smile declared the joyful feelings of her heart, at witnessing her friend's happiness so very complete; not a single wish of her heart unobtained:

tained; but each smile was followed by a sigh, which told even strangers, that all was not at peace within.

The clergyman, and his pupil Lord Tyfield, were invited to dinner, which they politely accepted; and the day was a day of mirth, tempered by reason, sense, and delicacy.

Lord Tyfield having heard a slight account of the strange events which had taken place, viewed the company with a degree of curiosity almost visible: he became a daily visitant during his stay in the neighbourhood. In the course of his visits he became fully acquainted with all their stories, except a part of Theresa's: he looked on them as a particular order of beings, marked by fortune to suffer the severest trials, and enjoy the highest blessings.

In three weeks after Imma's marriage, Sir George Philomath took his leave of the happy party, and set out

for England. Lord Linton accompanied him: he had seen the happiness of his friend Count Antonio completed, (the purpose for which he stayed) and he felt that his own happiness could be secured only by flying to England. Prince Gareci and M. Kenelm, accompanied Sir George Philomath and Lord Linton, as far as Vienna, to which place they went in behalf of Theresa. On their arrival at M. Kruges's, they sent in their cards, and begged to be admitted: the old gentleman received them very politely, and expressed the highest sense of the honour done him; but when he found their business was to plead for his niece, his countenance changed—his brow lowered, and every feature betrayed indignation and rage. Prince Gareci confirmed every thing, said by M. Kenelm, respecting her worth, penitence, and contrition, and ran warmly

warmly in her praises. He heard all without interruption—then bowing, said, "I am astonished that men of such high rank, and of whom, both Germany and Italy speak much, and much to their honour, should be seen in a negotiation of this sort; that they should so far fall from their dignity—that they should risque the rectitude of their principles being called in question, in the cause of a worthless girl, who had preferred the licentious embraces of a libertine, to the paternal protection of her uncle."

"Her youth and inexperience, sir," said the prince, "should be taken in account, and placed against the deep designing arts of a man of the world: a man deeply practised in the most refined arts of seduction. Women! brought up from their infancy surrounded by the alluring smiles of artful men, and daily taught lessons of

humbleness of spirit, and dignity of mind, seldom to be met with in either male or female; and, Madam Kenelm, sir, is a woman so highly esteemed by the world, that her friendship and regard fixes the character of any woman she honours with it. And what will the world say of the man who refuses to acknowledge a niece, whom Prince Gareci, his brother and sister, favour, and protect as their own daughter?"

"Prince," said M. Kruges, "I have been wounded—most severely stabbed; the happiest prospects of my life are darkened—destroyed—my honour wounded!"

"That, I admit; and that your sufferings, on Theresa's account, have been great. But, who gave the stab? Not Theresa alone! she was but an innocent accessary, and her sufferings have fully expiated her crime."

"I own," returned M. Kruges, "I feel

feel an obligation to you gentlemen for the interest you take, and your endeavours to reconcile me to my lost girl: but you must give me time, I have much to struggle with, I will endeavour to argue away the stiff prejudices of an old man; you will allow me the liberty to write?"

They both assured him they should esteem his correspondence a favour: they spent the day with M. Kruges, and left Vienna the next morning.

On their return home, Theresa ran, with fear and hope beaming in her eye, to welcome them: she was much distressed at the strength of her uncle's resentment, but drew some hope from the last part of his discourse.

"I would," said Theresa, one evening, when the discourse turned on herself, "claim the protection of some convent, and hide for ever the disgrace of

of my family, did not my duty to my unfortunate boy forbid it: for his sake, I must bear the frowns and scoffs of the unpitying virtuous. My uncle, in time, may receive his frail niece to his favour, but I cannot hope the world ever will—it is not so forgiving: I have merited its frowns."

"Oh!" said Imma, "my dear Theresa, talk not of a convent, or the frowns of the world, while the respectable friends who are now around you smile and protect you. The world will not frown in Germany and Italy: the friendship of Madam Kenelm and the Countess of Sansovino are sufficient to insure you respect; and, if you go with me to England, my other mother, the Countess of Cleobright, will afford you the same protection."

"You have spoken my sentiments, my dear Imma," said the Countess, "and I mean not to return to England, until

until I can prevail on the whole of the party to accompany me."

"Upon my word, Countess, I hope you will succeed, for I have an irresistible desire to visit England; and being present, I have the vanity to think I am included in the company. Besides, when Lord Stellor and Count Antonio are gone, I shall be a melancholy youth: to say the truth, matrimony has altered the Count already, and in an unusual manner: for in the halcyon days of courtship he found hours for his friends, but now he is married he gives them but minutes."

"You! my William," said the Countess, "I shall not invite as a visitor, but shall be happy, with your friend's permission, if you will favour Lord Stellor with your company, and make our house your home for years."

"When the Countess of Cleobright and her family are there, England will contain

contain sufficient attractions to hold me there for life, be the country what it may."

"This gallant speech of your's, William," said Madam Kenelm, "would sound well, if your father and myself were not present."

"My dear mother," returned he, "you have always indulged me, by allowing me to speak my mind, and declare my feelings in your presence; and, I must own, in the family of the Countess, I could happily pass my life; but no pleasure, no inducement, I trust, will ever lead me to forget the duty I owe my parents, or fly from the place where they reside, without their consent."

"Well! my son," said M. Kenelm, "while you are dutiful, we will be indulgent—continue you to practise this frankness of manners, and you will perhaps escape many a heart ache!

You

You will find no confidant so true and faithful as your father and mother, and none who will seek to promote your happiness so sincerely."

"Sir! I will ever follow your advice, and honour the confidence you offer."

"Do not make me your confidant, William," said Count Antonio, "for I owe you a grudge: I shall watch your halcyon days of courtship, and if I mistake not they are not far off."

"You are talking of England," said Prince Gareci, "but I hope to entertain the company at Matera, before you think of England; besides, I wish to inform my son of my property, and we will begin there first."

Count Orsato said it suited his wish, as it was necessary he should see his brother again, and soon take his affairs in his hands.

Prince

Prince Gareci immediately dispatched a servant to Matera, with orders to make every necessary preparation for his guests: as the party was too large to travel altogether with convenience, it was agreed that Prince Gareci, Count Orsato, Countess Cassandra, Count Antonio, Countess Imma, with Theresa and Pheneas, also Father Alberti, should set off first; and the Earl and Countess of Cleobright, Lord Stellor, Lady Matia, M. and Madam Kenelm, with William, should follow two days after.

Previous to their leaving Germany, Prince Gareci and Count Orsato, accompanied Father Basil to his convent: the prince having handsomely rewarded the good father for his attendance on the count, they paid their respects to the worthy abbot; at taking leave, Count Orsato presented him with a purse containing a hundred German ducats,

ducats, for his hospitality to Imma and Theresa.

On their way to Matera, Orsato stopped at Mantua, to pay his respects to Gerarda, and introduced Cassandra and Imma to him and his lady, Angelica, who, sincerely congratulated him on the many happy events which had taken place since they parted. Their arrival at Matera, gave great cause of joy, and numbers came to congratulate the prince on the discovery of his son: open house was kept for several days, and Count Antonio and Imma, obligingly welcomed all who came; they gained the affections of the people by their affability and condescension.

Immediately on his arrival at Matera, Count Orsato sent letters to Signore Lustrini, and received from him an account of Lozano's almost perfect

recovery,

recovery, and that he was nearly prepared to see him again.

In a week after the arrival of the second party, Count and Countess Sansovino, with the Count and Countess Gareci, and Father Alberti, set off for Tarento. On their entering the palace Menzini, Imma well recollected it, and soon pointed out the apartments she and Metella occupied. And Metella found it a pleasing task to run through all, but those immediately occupied by Lozano.

On Orsato's sitting down lord of the palace and estate, he had so many years been deprived of, surrounded by his countess and children, it gave birth to feelings so delicately painful, as scarcely to be supported, and he sent excuses to his brother for not visiting him that evening.

The next morning Count Orsato went

went to his brother's chamber—the door was opened—his name announced—Orsato entered—Lozano, was at his feet!

"Rise, Lozano! rise, my brother!" said he, taking him by the hand. "Do not degrade yourself by kneeling: I come to assure you of my sincere forgiveness; and to receive from you promises of future affection—not a word of the past, let us speak only of the future."

This nobleness of conduct quite oppressed Lozano, and he sunk under his gentleness and goodness. Signore Lustrini caught Orsato in his arms!

"My dearest friend," he exclaimed, "you are worthy to be the son of your noble father; you are an honour to your ancestors, and will reflect a brilliancy on your progeny: you have conducted yourself towards your brother, as I wished; but, as I dared not

hope you would. What man, but yourself, could have evinced such a nobleness of soul! such truly christian principles! such brotherly love! such greatness of soul! such forgiveness of injuries! Lozano, love and adore this brother, who, in darker ages, would have been stiled a god!"

"Signore!" said Lozano, "you led me to expect much from my brother, but this surpasses my most sanguine hopes: I was prepared to hear many deserved reproaches: I did hope forgiveness from what you said, but I expected many revilings—this excess of goodness softens and dissolves me to nothing!"

"Enough!" said Orsato, "enough! my brother! you have confessed your crimes, repented, and are forgiven, I hope in heaven as well as on earth! let us embrace, bind us together in brotherly love. Now let me introduce

Cassandra

Cassandra and Imma to you, also my son-in-law, and we will all dine together."

"I long to hear my pardon from Cassandra's lips, and to see my niece Imma; but you will excuse my dining with you until to-morrow, and then you will introduce me to my nephew."

Orsato then brought Cassandra and Imma to Lozano: he arose at their entrance, and would have humbled himself before Cassandra, but she prevented him, by throwing her arms around his neck, saying,

"Nothing, my brother, is wanting to complete my happiness, but seeing you so!"

Here Lozano yielded to the soft impulse, and shed tears: he turned and embraced Imma.

"Can you, Imma, can you, my niece, follow their wonderful example, and nobly, generously, forgive me?"

Imma,

Imma, affected by his impressive manner, and the energy with which he addressed her, dropped her head on his bosom.

"Oh! my uncle," said Imma, "my sufferings have been nothing; I have not been sensible of any inflicted by you; be assured of all the duty and affection due to so near a relative."

After some time, when each were a little composed, Lozano could not withhold his praises of Imma's person, and congratulated her on her alliance with the family of Prince Gareci. Cassandra took Lozano aside, and asked after Bapta: he blushed, and said, she was at the house in the forest. Cassandra desired she might see her the next day, also the child.

When Imma returned to the drawing room, she told Antonio that she was quite delighted with her uncle; and she did believe, that notwithstanding all

all his cruelties to her father and mother, she could teach herself to love him.

The next day Lozano sent the carriage for Bapta and the child: she immediately attended. Cassandra was already in Lozano's room, when Bapta entered: the countess embraced her. Bapta returned it, but could hardly believe her to be Cassandra.

"I was a week," said Bapta, "with Lozano, and did not go to the house in the forest. On the third day of my absence, they brought me an account of your death, and said, they would bury you privately. However I was shocked at the idea, you may be sure I consented, for it was to shade Lozano's reputation; and Lozano was all to me. I wished to see your corps, but in so dangerous a situation was Lozano, I could not leave his room for an instant. On my return to the

house, I visited your apartment, and shed many tears to your memory and sufferings. I have daily reproached myself for conniving at Lozano's treatment of you, but, believe me, I had no knowledge of Count Orsato's fate."

"I do believe you, Bapta," said Cassandra, "and, rest assured, I feel no sort of displeasure at your conduct to me; it was always kind and tender. I shall ever feel an affectionate regard for you; and I regret that your situation with my brother, precludes all possibility of my publicly taking notice of you; but all private friendships, and good offices, you may depend on."

Bapta wept at these kind assurances, and said—

"I hope I shall never prove myself less worthy of your friendship. I feel, and have long felt the impropriety of my situation with Lozano, but know not

not how to extricate myself. I must have more resolution, and less love for Lozano, than I now have, before I can take such steps as the world would approve?"

"I!" said Cassandra, "urge you to no steps. Could you sacrifice your feelings and affections to the duty you owe yourself, your friends, and the world, it would be desirable—it is never too late to relinquish improper conduct; however innocently and unintentionally you have been led into it, by embracing an opportunity of reclaiming yourself, gives the world reason to believe, that however you have erred, your heart is not corrupted."

"You do not, I hope, think my heart is corrupted? I always flattered myself that you entertained a different opinion of me."

"No! my dear Bapta, I have the highest opinion of your principles in general, and, do believe, that, except this unhappy connexion with Lozano, you are purity itself: had your love been sanctioned by the holy rites of the church, you would have been a most exemplary woman—a model for wives in general!"

"And, so!"—sighed Bapta—"this one omission—this one step—contrary to the laws of our church, throws me beneath the level of the most abandoned wife!"

"Not so, my Bapta, but it is a common inference, that she, who lives in open defiance of one law of the church, will not scruple to violate the rest: the world judges from appearances, it does not look closely into people's hearts; and to the opinion of the world, some deference must be paid by those

those who wish to enjoy it's good word. Do not let what I have said afflict you."

"Ah! madam—it is hard—very hard—to leave the man you love! He has always treated me with affection and tenderness! He is the father of my children; the one which is spared us he doats on; and, shall I, in obedience to the opinion of the world, plant a dagger in his breast and my own?"

"Consider, Bapta, if you leave Lozano, it will be out of respect to the slighted laws of our church, for, while you live as you do, all your religious duties must be neglected—but no more of this at present; think on what I have said, and believe me your friend, and the friend of this cherub."

Bapta left the palace heavy hearted, and wept over her child—her mind on the rack, tortured between love and duty.

Lozano dined with the family, and was introduced to Antonio. In the evening Cassandra spoke to Orsato concerning Bapta, and repeated the substance of their conversation in the morning.

"Bapta," said Cassandra, "is a worthy character, notwithstanding the error she has been living in—she doats on Lozano, and, I believe, he loves her to the full as well—she is sensible of her crime, but to remove her from him would be her death: I am sure she would not survive a separation; and, I do believe, she has no fault but the one! She is sensible—amiable in her manners—has had a good education. To oblige Lozano, so great is her affection, she would stoop to the most menial offices. With what humility and kindness did she attend on me, and it was long before I knew Lozano and she were attached to each other:

other: she did not presume on his love and her power, to treat me haughtily; few women, in her situation, would have behaved to me as she did."

"Well! my dear," said Orsato, "I shall ever respect her for it."

"Can you respect her sufficiently to point to your brother his duty, and prevail on him to give her that respectability in the eyes of the world, which the woman deserves, on whom he has placed his affection?"

"Do you wish it, Cassandra? Is it your desire it should be so? Will you be content to call her sister?"

"Yes! and a worthy sister she will prove. Her friends are of respectability, at Messina; though not rich, they are independent. Your brother may marry a woman of rank; she may bring noble blood into the family—but she may also bring vices! Bapta knows no vice, but what your brother

has taught her. How has she sacrificed her life to him! How has she past the last fourteen years—shut up in a dungeon, or buried in the depth of a forest! Had she been a woman of a vicious turn and loose desires, she would have left Lozano long ago, and sought for pleasures in the gay world. Do not think too hard on Bapta's fault: to the full as much art and force was used to obtain her, as Antonio practised on our Imma; and had Antonio been as dissolute in principle, as Lozano, our daughter's situation would have been precisely what Bapta's is."

"I feel no objection to render Bapta all the good offices in my power, and prevail on Lozano to do her that justice we should have sought for in our daughter's case."

The next morning Orsato went to Lozano's apartment, where, in course of conversation, Lozano said, "I wish, brother,

brother, to return to Messina, I, therefore, will give you an exact account of all your affairs. Among all my crimes, that of a spendthrift has no place, though, if it had, you would say it is the least; what I may have appropriated to my use, belonging to you, I will make you regular remittances of, until all shall be repaid."

"Is it your wish, Lozano, to return to Messina?"

"Yes, it is! I have never lived much in the world, but, I now think, I shall shut myself up more than ever."

"I hope you will not do that—this palace is large, and part of it is at your service, whenever you choose to make use of it. I would have you re-establish your household at Messina, but not shut yourself up there all the year. Cassandra and I shall not be here much; now Imma is married, we shall be sometimes at Matera, and some-

times in Germany: we have also engaged ourselves to visit England. Suppose you go with us, perhaps you may meet with some English lady to your taste, and bring back a wife—the English women are very pleasant."

"You are joking me, brother; but, indeed, I shall not go to England for a wife—I am sure it contains no wife for me."

"Possibly some other place does; and, I must own, I should be happy to see you married. Why should you live a solitary bachelor?"

"Why, my brother! has not Cassandra told you? Possibly she has not; but—

"But, what? Lozano."

"There is—a woman I have long loved; and contrary to the generality of such connexions on the man's part, my affection for her, is, by far, greater than when I first knew her! From her I would

I would not part, therefore I will return to Messina, repent of my former conduct, and Bapta and her child will be my little world."

"But of what use, brother, is it to repent of one sin, and live in the continual commission of another?"

"I know not—but what would you have me do? It would be cruelty in the extreme, to put her from me. Could I support the separation, Bapta could not."

"There are other means than those you mention to prevent your living in actual sin, and which I recommend."

"What does my brother mean?"

"Marriage! If you love the woman, she must be worthy of being your wife."

"She may be worthy of being my wife, Orsato, but is she worthy of being your's, and Cassandra's sister?"

"Was she not once worthy of that relationship?"

"By virtues she was, though not by rank or birth."

"Who rendered her unworthy? You, I suppose, therefore it is your duty, as far as is in your power, to return her that worth you robbed her of; and you can no way do this, but by making her your wife."

"But, what will the world say?"

"Did you ask that question when you seduced her? Did you make the world's opinion a consideration then? Most likely, it called you villain then. And the worst it can say of you in this case, is, that you are reclaiming, and are willing to make restitution for your crimes."

"What will Cassandra say? How will she approve of my giving her such a sister."

"Cassandra

"Cassandra cannot disapprove of an act of justice, though it were to relate to a beggar! If you make Bapta this recompense for her faith and love, it will heighten your character in Cassandra's esteem."

"Believe me," brother, "I want but little persuading to do justice to a woman, I so much, and so sincerely love: it has your approbation, that is enough—this evening I will inform Bapta of my intentions, and your wishes. We will retire to Messina, and visit Tarento, when ever my brother shall signify his wish to see us."

Count Orsato was happy Lozano was so easily won over to his and Cassandra's wishes; Bapta was no less rejoiced at Lozano's proposal, and soon discovered to whom she was obliged.

The marriage took place, in a few days, in the most private manner. Orsato gave Bapta to his brother. Cas-

sandra, Imma, Count Antonio, and Signore Lustrini, honoured the ceremony with their presence. Soon after Lozano, Bapta, and their child, left Tarento.

Orsato, on reviewing his accounts, found himself a much richer man than he expected. Lozano had been, as far as respected his pecuniary affairs, a just steward; in consequence of which, he sent him several valuable presents. As soon as Orsato had put his domestic affairs in a proper train, he returned to Matera, with the addition of Signore Lustrini to his party; and Father Alberti went on to Amalfi, and carried orders for all preparations possible, for the accommodations of the whole party, as each wished to visit Amalfi; it was the birth-place of Imma, and the fostering home of both Imma and Lord Stellor.

The palace of Sansovino was opened, aired,

aired, and dusted; the poor solitary, who had lived in it for so many years, was put in an unusual bustle. As the ladies were none of them fond of the sea, they travelled by land to Amalfi. The whole convent went to receive them, when the carriages stopped at the gate—they alighted, and the Countess of Cleobright presented Imma to the abbots—she knelt, and wept. The good man embraced her, saying, all his sorrows were at an end. His foster-son received his congratulations, and they shed tears of joy and affection, in each other's arms: then the whole convent paid their respects to their old friend Gregory: he visited his former cell, as did Imma her cottage—nothing but joy and congratulations was to be heard!

Count Antonio then made a very polite apology for his conduct. The abbot took him by the hand—"Think no more

more of it, my son," said the abbot, "you have my prayers and blessings; love my daughter Imma, and God will favour you."

During their stay at Amalfi, Imma, Lady Maria, Antonio, Lord Stellor, and William Kenelm, made several excursions to the wood; but no lizards were to be found.

The abbot truly rejoiced at the good fortune of Gregory, and felt proud that he had fostered a son of the Earl of Cleobright.

They staid three weeks at Amalfi, and Imma selected her drawings and little treasures left at the cottage. To each father she made a present, as an assurance of her regard. Count Orsato settled a certain sum, to be paid yearly to the abbot, for the benefit of the convent; and the earl made the abbot a munificent present, for the care and education of his son. They took

their leave of the worthy fathers, with a promise, on the part of Count Orsato and Imma, to visit them once a year.

Soon after their return to Tarento, Lord Tyfield made Count Orsato a visit, according to promise. He was a very amiable young man, under the tuition of a worthy exemplary character. All were happy at the addition to the party, and as the day on which they were first introduced was the happiest Antonio and Imma had ever seen. Happiness was the constant associate with the idea of Lord Tyfield, and his preceptor, the Rev. M. Hyperton. When their names were announced, Imma flew to the room door to receive them; the pleasure her heart felt her eyes told truly; and her kind attention, in the name of her mother, convinced them they were welcome guest.

The gentlemen accompanied Lord Tyfield, and his preceptor, in visiting every

every thing worthy of notice at Tarento and Otranto. In the principality of the latter, they past several days in reviewing the buildings and prospects; the cathedral they found to be Gothic, after the fashion of Puglin; the subterraneous sanctuary, which little more than three hundred years ago was the only asylum the wretched natives and priests had to fly to, from the barbarity of the Turks, who besieged Otranto, was an ancient curiosity. "These cruel Turks," said their guide, "under Mahomet the Second, were invited to the attempt by Laurence de Medici; his soldiers succeeded too well, and put eight hundred of the inhabitants to death, by the sabre! Here," said the guide, as he past, pointing to some beautiful ruins, "are mournful monuments of the Turk's rapine and murder;" and, with the sincerest gratitude, extolled the bravery and

and prowess of the Duke of Calabria, who, a twelvemonth after, relieved them from the Turkish yoke. The mountainous parts of Otranto afforded the most extensive and beautiful prospect the eye can take in, besides a fine rich land prospect, both of the Adriatic and Mediterranean seas.

In this little spot, at an unfrequented, unvisited end of a beautiful kingdom, the poor unlettered dark inhabitants have much to fear, and many difficulties to encounter; their coast continually infested by pirates; and the produce of their lands frequently destroyed by locusts, which appear to inhabit the higher mountains, and fly down on the corn, or herbage, in numbers, resembling a dark cloud; and so destructive is their bite, all appears to wither on which they have fled. From Otranto, they visited Gallipoti; and, from thence, in their way to Tarento, they

they stopped at Leve; and, here, they were surprised at finding that the natives of Leve, like the voluptuaries of Otaheite, esteem dog's flesh as a delicacy. Our travellers refused the offered dish, and were better pleased to make their meal of a joint of a good goat, though they thought it homely food; but goat, kid, and buffalo, all must eat, who travel over the remote parts of Italy, or sometimes keep a long fast; but the joint of a dog, however pampered, however delicately fed with bread, milk, and meal, they could by no means relish.

On their arrival at the palace Menzini, the ladies welcomed their return; and Signore Lustrini found letters, which hastened his return to Mantua.

Lord Tyfield was of a serious, speculative turn; elegant in his person, and amiable in his manners. In England, he had but few friends of his own

own age, for few thought and acted as he did; he was pointed at by the young and gay world, for his disapprobation of all fashionable follies and pleasures, and gave him the appellation of the domestic lord.

Lord Tyfield, and his reverend friend, Mr. Hyperton, left England, with a view to improve and enjoy life, but to leave riot and luxury far behind. Count Antonio was in every respect an Englishman; nor was he willing to allow he drew his first breath at Bologna! In him, Lord Tyfield had the most congenial companion; and, to him, he freely communicated his mind and opinion, and with as little reserve, asked whatever he wished to be informed of. During his former visits, he had been informed of the various events which had taken place in the history of the whole party. Both Lord Linton and Count Antonio, had avoided

ed speaking of Theresa, out of tender respect, though her story was in a great degree interwoven with Imma's; nor had Lord Tyfield been able to understand who, or what Theresa was: he saw that every person treated her with respect, and that Imma shewed her the affection of a sister; he saw her young and beautiful.

One day Lord Tyfield, Count Antonio, and M. Hyperton, were walking, when his lordship turned the discourse on Lord Linton, by asking, when the Count had heard from him? "How!" continued he, "did his lordship prevail on himself to leave Theresa?"

"Really!" replied Antonio, "I have no reason to think the separation from Theresa would affect him more than from Lady Maria, or Imma."

"Are you serious, Count? Did not you observe a degree of joy brighten Lord

Lord Linton's eyes, whenever she entered the room? And with a serious delight he would contemplate her face and person: I took notice of it, and mentioned it to M. Hyperton."

"It is true you did. And I was led to think as you did."

"My friend, Frederic, I dare say, admired her; but, I think, I can answer for him, that his heart is perfectly free."

"I wish I could be sure of it," replied Lord Tyfield, "but impressed, as I am, with the idea that he loves her, I hold it dishonourable to make such declarations to the lady my heart prompts me to."

"You would not, my lord," said the Count, "introduce a foreign lady in your family, to the great mortification of your country-women?"

"I shall pay no respect to country, in the choice of a wife. Whenever I meet

meet with a woman, who, by certain impulse, I am informed, has the power of making me happy; and also, that she is every way worthy of the respectable relatives, to whom an union with me will ally her—there I shall fix. I am young, and when I feel my heart attached, on my friend I shall rely, to discover the worthiness of it! Love is a blind passion, and many beautiful women I have seen, whom I could adore; but the imperfections of the heart, or mind, have been discovered, and cast a shade of deformity over all their beauties. It is possible for the heart to be suddenly blinded, infatuated by a beautiful facinating woman: it is then the unimpassioned eye of a friend is of the utmost importance, and in M. Hyperton, I have that friend: he has been my friend and father these ten years past, and, I hope, I have acquitted myself as a

dutiful

dutiful pupil; indeed, my mother's letters often bring me the pleasing account, that my preceptor's letters to her are harbingers of joy. You will say, count, that my conversation is egotism; but, I must own, that my pride is to deserve the character of a dutiful son, and a good man—I have no greater ambition."

"Does not the character of a good man, my lord, comprise every thing desirable?"

"By no means, count: to be great is desirable—the first is the most preferable character; and few arrive to that degree of human perfection to be both good and great—yet, such characters there are!"

"I think, my lord, I have heard of instances of good men, performing great actions; and some great men, good ones."

"I do allow it, count, you have,

no doubt; but beyond good I never shall arrive: I may have some eccentricities in my character and opinions—I may have pride too, but it is a pride that will never suffer me to commit an act unworthy of the son of Lady Tyfield."

"That, my lord, is an honourable pride; and under the full persuasion, that you possess a generous, feeling heart, liberal mind, and a soul biassed by the sacred laws of honour, I will prevent that heart from falling a prey to a hopeless passion, and intrust you with the unhappy story of Theresa's life. You, my lord, and the worthy M. Hyperton, are one; his sacred character insures secrecy, and your honour binds you."

"Count Antonio," said his lordship, in some degree of agitation, "never in my life, either wantonly, or seriously, did a single expression pass my lips,

lips, to the injury of the female character—even women, who have been regardless of their actions, I have been tender of. Theresa's story must be interesting, but, if her delicacy would be offended by my knowing it, I will ask no more."

"After what I have said," returned the count, "to say no more, would be leaving you open to a thousand conjectures, and not have the effect I wish; I, therefore, will proceed, and secure you Theresa's friend, but dismiss the lover."

Antonio then related Theresa's distresses, from her first acquaintance with Obreskoff, to her return from her pilgrimage, which they both listened to with painful emotion.

Lord Tyfield returned his thanks to Count Antonio, for this mark of his confidence; at the same time, assured him, that his heart was too much de-

voted to Theresa's interest, to suffer a sentence to escape him to her prejudice.

"I have one favour to ask," continued his lordship, "if you can grant it without Theresa's knowledge; I then, if M. Hyperton approves, will take my leave of this worthy family; for you, though many, one spirit and mind seems to govern all, and may be called one family. In this case you will, my friend, allow, that when man cannot conquer, it is noble to fly."

"I do," said the count, "and on that account I will not ask you to prolong your stay; but when you can return well armed to meet the fair enemy, we shall at all times be happy to see you. But, what is the favour you would ask."

"You will smile at my request; but I feel a great desire to see Theresa's child—I cannot tell why."

"That may be accomplished with great

great ease, by the assistance of my Imma."

At supper, Lord Tyfield informed Count Orsato, that in the morning he should take his leave. Orsato used every persuasion in his power, to prevail on his lordship to lengthen his stay, in which he was joined by every person at table but Antonio. They then appealed to M. Hyperton, who said, he had made calculations, and found his time was short to visit the islands in the Archipelago, which he had marked as worthy his attention; that the last letters from Lady Tyfield named the time she wished, and should expect, to see him in England, and his lordship had ever been punctual to his mother's wishes.

Nothing more could be said, and Lord Tyfield gave his valet orders to prepare for leaving Tarento the next morning.

CHAP. III.

WHEN Imma was alone with Antonio, she asked him, "Why did you not press Lord Tyfield to stay longer? All at table entreated; but you, not once said, my lord, favour us! Surely, Antonio, you should have said so much to his lordship."

"Lord Tyfield, my dear, gave me his reasons for wishing to leave us to-morrow; but you must do me the favour to bring Pheneas to your dressing room to-morrow morning, where, I will bring Lord Tyfield; he has a great desire to see him."

"How, my dear, did he know there was such a being as Pheneas?"

"I told him."—

"Oh!

"Oh! Antonio! who can keep secrets—not the men I am sure! Never tell me, that women cannot keep secrets," said Imma, laughing.

"Stop, my Imma, I have a secret for your ear, which, for your friend Theresa's sake, you will not divulge. You must know that Lord Tyfield has formed a violent attachment for your Theresa; he made me his confidant, and I could do no otherways than inform him of her true situation—with him it is buried in deep secrecy. He was much affected at the account, and begged me, if possible, to favour him with a sight of the child; he then would fly from a house in which he had lost his peace."

Imma's tender heart felt for Lord Tyfield, and she sincerely wished that time and absence would obliterate a passion the object so circumstanced.

When Imma rose in the morning,

she went to the nursery, and inquired of Lissa for Theresa, who said, she was not up: "Then give me Pheneas, I shall take him to Dressing for a while:" there she found Lord Tyfield, M. Hyperton, and Antonio.

"Here is the cherub," said Imma, putting the child into his lordship's arms.

"Bless the babe!" said his lordship, pressing it tenderly, then presenting it to his preceptor, who took it, and kissed it tenderly. They then took a friendly leave of Imma and Antonio, and his lordship sought to dispel his griefs, in viewing Greek buildings, and Greek beauties.

After spending three months at Tarento, the party returned to Matera, when Imma, promising to give an addition to the family in due time, the prince desired Cassandra to consult with Imma, on the place she would choose

choose to reside in; whether she would give them an Italian, or a German; that she had the free choice of his three houses; whichever she fixed on, he would assign over to his son. This was a matter of great debate, at which all assisted.

"I," said Imma, "should prefer Matera, because it is near my father and mother; and Bologna, because of its delightful situation; and the castle of Burgden, on account of its being near my uncle and aunt; and, probably, when my friend Theresa is happily residing with her uncle, I shall be near her. I have now given you the reasons of my attachments to each place; but shall leave you, my friends, to decide, while Lady Maria and I take a walk." Each present gave their opinion, then Antonio was called on to decide, which he did, by saying, His choice, was the castle of Burg-

den; it was large, and, if his parents approved, it was his wish never to be separated, that part of the year might be spent at each place. The castle was contiguous to Vienna; it was possible to enjoy some society, and receive the visits of many English, on their tour to Italy; at Matera, or Tarento, there was very little society, and not one English gentleman in twenty went beyond Naples, or if they did, they generally visited the other Sicily, and the Archipelago, but few travelled on that side of the Appennines.

"I approve your choice, my son," said Orsato; "I would not wish that you and Imma should bury yourselves at Matera."

"But, Antonio," said the prince, "you have had no eye to fortune in your choice, for my estate at Bologna, is worth three of the one you have chosen."

"That,

"That, my father, I must leave entirely to you; when I begin housekeeping, let me know what my allowance is to be; and, I hope, with Imma's assistance, so to regulate our expences, as to live within the sum."

"Trust me, my son," said the prince, "that your income shall be handsome—such as the son of Prince Gareci has a right to expect."

"I am happy," rejoined Count Orsato, "to say, that my brother's economy will enable me to give Imma a much larger fortune than I at first hoped to do. I expected the man, who used such means to acquire power and riches, would spend them fast; but, on the contrary, he has saved me some thousands."

Imma was well pleased with Antonio's decision, and thanked the prince for allowing them to choose.

"Now," said Cassandra, "we have

no time to lose, in little more than two months, we may expect the young stranger, and our journey is full eight hundred miles, and I shall have my fears for Imma, from the fatigue of travelling."

"No hurry, my dear mother, on my account. I can suffer nothing—no fatigue from riding, at my ease, in the carriage. Think what my dear Theresa suffered, in walking and laying in the open air, and she did well!"

"True, my dear, but you would not willingly expose yourself to fatigues and dangers. Poor Theresa could not avoid them! Cruel fortune persecuted you both; but when it is in our power to preserve our health, and take care of ourselves, it is our duty to do so. I would not recommend over care, for, by that, many often lose their lives, and always their health."

"We

"We will run no risques," said the prince, "and to break the journey, we will rest a week at Bologna."

The party divided as before, and rested at Bologna, as proposed, where the prince received the congratulations of his friends, to whom he introduced his son and daughter. In their way from Bologna, Imma requested her father to permit her to stop at Kufstein, and pay their bill; also inquire if the man who had robbed them had been heard of.

At Kufstein, they stopped at the inn, and Orsato alighted, and made the necessary inquiries. The mistress of the inn, understanding the ladies were in the carriage, ran out, and informed them, that the man was taken up for stealing the mules—he was in prison, in great misery and distress, confined to his bed, on which account his trial

was

was put off; the owner of the carriage had sent for it, and they let it go as they had no real claim to it.

"Pray, my dear father," said Imma, to the prince, "let us send the poor wretch something to subsist on, for, although he brought misery and suffering on Theresa and me, yet, perhaps, he was eventually the cause of all these great discoveries, at least in part, for by robbing us, he put it out of our power to go to Lintz, and threw us on the charity of Joseph.

"We will, my dear, do as you wish; let us go into the house, have the horses refreshed, and send a servant to the prison to see the poor wretch."

"Let one of the women go," said Imma, "for she will enter into his wants and distresses with more feeling than the man."

"Then,"

"Then," said Cassandra, "let Metella and Agatha go."

From the time of Count Antonio's recovery, Agatha had attended the Countess Cassandra, as her woman. A man of the inn went with them to the prison. On entering the room where the poor man lay, he raised up his head from the miserable bed on which he lay.

"My friend," said Agatha, "we are come to bring you relief, if money will relieve you, and are sent by the ladies whom you robbed at Kufstein, when you took the mules away."

"Ah!" sighed the man, "are they so charitable?" fixing his eyes on her.

"Yes," said Agatha, "they are, and do forgive you." The man still keeping his eyes on her, caused her to look more stedfastly at him.

"Sure," said she, "it cannot be!"

"Yes, it is," returned he.

"My God!" she exclaimed, "are you the wretch who stole my child?"

"I am, he—and since that hour have lived in misery and want; whatever I undertook failed to prosper—you know we were never very fortunate, and left that house next your's, because we could not get bread; and it was the spirit of envy and revenge urged us to carry away the child; also, a hope, that it might excite pity in the breast of those we might ask relief from. We went from place to place—could get no employ—nor did we like work—charity was cold, and we often suffered much with hunger. After carrying the child about with us for three months, all the time we lived by begging; we grew tired of the child, and came to the resolution of losing him. We had been lurking about the Appennines for some days, in a most miserable plight, when

when I saw a lusty friar, come slowly on, in his pilgrim's garb. I sat down the child, and ran down the steep side of a rock; my wife followed—there we lay for some hours. I then went to look—the child was gone; for a twelve-month we lived a wretched, wandering life—sometimes begging, sometimes stealing, but we did not leave the Appennines. One day we were roving along, when my wife's foot slipt; she fell down a steep rock, and both fractured her head and one leg; we were some miles from any house, and many from a village; she died in a short time after her fall; the next day I buried her body in a small cavity in the rock, and covered it with moss, leaves, and grass. I had no tool to dig a grave, and the earth was too hard and rocky to break it without.

"My wife's shocking end made me think on all the wicked things I had done,

done, and I resolved to be better in future; but this resolution did not last long, for in a few days I met with a set of robbers, and joined them; they took me to their captain or leader, who lived on the Appennines: he swore me to be faithful to him and his gang; for fifteen years I horded with these men, living a life of wickedness and sin. I one day was out with about fifty of our gang, and a large party of the Grand Duke's soldiers met us; I believe all my comrades were taken. I ran away at the first sight of the soldiers, and such a coward I was, that I lay hid for three days in a hole, and though nearly famished for want of food, I was afraid to come out. On the third evening I ventured out, and having a little money I went to the next village, which was some miles off: though weakened for want of food, fear gave me strength. I took some supper,

per, and then travelled all night towards the Adriatic coast, without any determined view. At last, I found myself at Comachio, where I got employment, sometimes at one house, and sometimes at another; and I behaved myself so well, that I gained a few friends, and I formed such good resolutions, and kept them so long, that I thought I was a perfect good man, and past the possibility of sinning again. I was engaged by the man who let out mules, to drive the two ladies to Lintz. When we got to this place, the devil put it into my head to rob them. I did, and rode away with the mules, and this you see is my end."

"Alas!" said Metella, "I hope you will live and repent."

"No! I cannot live: my constitution is quite gone, I have suffered so much this last twelve months; it is impossible I can live; the prison doctor told me so; and

and I feel it is true. I knew that a search was making after me, and I hid myself in fields and mountains, and for a month I had nothing to eat, but grass and leaves, and any thing I could pick up. At last, unable to walk, or exert myself in the least, I was found by some peasants, and brought here."

Agatha was so affected at the account of his sufferings, and the miserable state he was in, that she gave him the money with tears in her eyes, and asked God to forgive and bless him.

"But," said Metella, as they returned to the inn, "he does not express any great sorrow for his past crimes: he should have a priest to save his soul."

The prince was astonished at the account Agatha gave of the man.

"In what an extraordinary manner," observed he, "are things brought to light,

light, and we generally see the wicked punished in the end, and virtue rewarded—but it is not always the case."

"He cannot live long," said Metella, "and the money will be of little use; but he is a hardened sinner, and he should be visited by a priest."

At the desire of the prince, the woman of the house sent for a priest. The prince then recommended the man to his care, and gave the priest some more money for his use, saying, he had sent him some to prison. He wrote a few lines for the earl, informing him of the discovery of the man who stole his son, which the priest promised to deliver, when the earl passed through.

They then proceeded on their journey: the wickedness and sufferings of the poor wretch occupied their minds, till they arrived at M. Kenelm's, where they waited for their friends.

The earl informed them he was stopped

stopped by the priest, who gave him the note, and so unhappy an account of the man, that he had no wish to see him; he gave the priest a few ducats, and told him to take all the care in his power of his soul and body.

Two days after, Prince Gareci, Count and Countess Sansavino, Count and Countess Gareci, the Earl and Countess Cleobright, Lady Maria, Lord Stellor, Theresa and Pheneas, left M. Kenelm, for Burgden Castle; to which place M. Kenelm promised to follow in less than a fortnight.

Count Orsato, on his arrival at Burgden Castle, dispatched a servant to his Swiss friend, with the guitar, and a handsome present for the use of it, desiring him, if at any time he should want a friend, to apply to Count Orsato.

It was full amusement for Lady Maria and Imma, to pace the rooms of the castle, the gardens, and pleasure grounds,

grounds, while Cassandra and the countess were engaged giving orders for fitting up a bed room and dressing room against Imma's *accouchement*.

Time glided with silken wings! The sun rose and set not on a happier group of mortals. Theresa only wore the traces of care, but her grateful heart generally dressed her face in smiles, for to give pain to her benefactors was what she feared to do.

At the time appointed, M. Kenelm, his lady, and son, arrived at the castle, and with them their niece, the young lady who was with Madam Kenelm, when she first saw Imma and Theresa, but had been on a visit to her aunt in a distant part of Germany. She had full knowledge of all that had passed from her aunt's letters, and had long wished to make one of the party, but could not prevail on her Aunt Kenelm to part with her, before her usual

usual time of staying with her expired.

Madam Kenelm attempted to make an apology for intruding her niece unasked—she was not suffered to proceed. M. Kenelm brought letters for the earl; among them was one from Sir George Philomath, which, from the eccentricity of style, language, and subject, the earl read it to the company. It was nearly as follows:

"My ever dear earl!

"The love I bear you and family, you have often heard it repeatedly nuncupative. I now send you a scriptory declaration, that my friendship for yourself and family can never suffer nihility.

"Our friend, Lord Linton, is by no means well. Whenever I visit him, I am sorry to observe a great degree of atralibarian about him; and in his conversation, his company always was agreeably, perfectly allectation, but

now

now so spiritless and feral, you would not believe him to be the same; say every thing to your countess, Lady Maria, and Lord Stellor, to convince them of the high veneration I hold them in: I would make my friendship and respect for them appear apodictical, therefore, I shall leave you to say, all that is necessary to the proving it. Inform your countess, and Lady Maria, that I have compleated my translation of Abaris, in English, but shall not read it to my friends, until their return to England, which your letters hinted would be in the spring.

"You will, I am sure, earl, allow, that I have an universal taste, and admire every thing that can boast of perfection in its nature! And without meriting the epithet, a Thrasonical fellow, I may say, that I possess as just and pure taste as a botanist and flowerist, as I do as an antiquarian, a virtuoso,

or as any man of acroamatical pursuits.

"In my way through Holland, I purchased some valuable tulip roots! For two of the roots I gave one hundred and ten guineas; for the others, some forty, some thirty, and some as low as five guineas a root. I hope you will be in England before they are in full blow, for during my shew of tulips, I shall in a manner keep open house at my villa.

"I am now fitting up a little temple in my garden, in the pure Grecian style; it will contain full an hundred persons; I have entirely new contabulated it in the best style, and I shall adorn it with the bustos of all Grecian poets and heroes!

"In this temple, on the day I make my first shew of tulips, I intend to read my translation of Abaris from the Greek.

"Now,

"Now, my friend, I must inform you of an alteration, which I think will take place in my domestic affairs, but not before you and your countess return to England, for I must take your opinion and advice?

"I have met with a lady, who, though young, is perfectly nubile: you may say, there is too great a discrepancy in our ages. It is true, I am past the adolescence, yet I would not marry an old woman, for they are generally abstanant, contrariant, and correptory! Young women—let them dress, and see company, and they are adiaphorous to all our whims; but this lady, though young, thirsts after knowledge, and has already acquired from me some knowledge of cryptography; and, for the future, all our letters are to be written in cryptical and hieroglyphical characters! Indeed, I have great hopes to find in her not only a cheerful com-

panion, but one after my own way of thinking, and fond of the same pursuits; her age is the only thing to get over, but she does not appear near so young as she is. She is rather inclined to adipal, but not a perfect ronian; her face is pleasant, but not beautiful; her skin is niveous, and her voice delightfully rhythemical, and her eyes are divinely optative; her family she may boast of as optimacy.

"Now, my dear friend, as there are few women who have that taste for knowledge which I have, or which appears in this lady, I must not stand on quiddities! Life I feel will soon be *anerose* without a female companion, and I want opitulation in my studies; but I shall not forward this business until I have your opinion, for *accecation* may be the consequence of my partiality, and the lady may be only the mere *omology* of what I think her!

"I must

"I must finish with speaking of our friend Linton; he disturbs me much, if he has fallen into that error common to man—love! He is very *apertaneous*, nor will he unbend his mind to your

"Sincere and obliged friend,

"G. PHILOMATH."

"Is it possible?" said the Countess of Cleobright, "that Sir George has, at last, come to the resolution of taking to himself a wife, and a modern English one. I did expect if ever he took a wife, he would have gone to Greece, and have fixed on the most perfect piece of antiquity he could find—I am all surprise!"

"And I, all fears, madam, lest we shall not be in England to celebrate his wedding," said Lady Maria.

"Why, my dear, do you not understand he means to be guided by your father's opinion and advice," answered the countess.

"Yes, I do; but when an old man falls suddenly in love, they are frequently in greater haste to be in possession of the object of their desires, than young men; and if Sir George should be wearied with waiting for the earl's presence and advice, and run into the happy state, without giving his friends the pleasure of assisting at the nuptials, I shall be horridly disappointed. It will be a sight worth posting five hundred miles to see! So stiff and primitive a bridegroom, his coat as wide from button to button, as across the shoulder; his hat pinched under his arm, and shoes buckled tight round the ancle, handing the blooming bride along!—not a perfect ronion, ha! ha! I hope we shall not lose the sight. And then, my dear Imma, the stiff Grecian bows, he will make to all who give him joy—it will be quite entertaining. I am sure the bride will blush at the

the stiff awkwardness of her heart's-loved lord, unless she is as fond of antiquities as he."

"I promise you, Maria," said Imma, "rather than you should lose the pleasure of being at Sir George's wedding, I will exonerate you from your promise of staying with me during my confinement."

"No, no, my dear countess, that will be giving up a great pleasure for a less; the only thing I promise myself, at Sir George's wedding, is, a little *fun*—nothing to interest the mind or heart, only to titillate my risibility: not but Sir George possesses a large store of knowledge, and such as I could devour greedily, would he present it to me in another dress and fashion; when he gives me any account of a place, it is in a language perfectly new to me, and I am obliged to refer to my dictionary for an explanation of

one half of the words he uses! It is really necessary to have one in your hand whenever you converse; what with his uncommon obsolete words, and his grotesque figure, I must confess that the patriarchs are always associates with the idea of Sir George."

"Well, my dear girl," said the earl, "you have handled the poor baronet too severely; he is an eccentric character I allow, but he is a good one."

"That I can bear some witness to," said Madam Kenelm, "for when he understood the dear wanderers Imma and Theresa, had been with me, and that I accused them of ingratitude and robbery, he warmly defended you, and took great pains to convince me you could not be guilty, and declared he would give his most valuable antique and half his fortune to find you."

"Then, madam, it is my duty," said Imma, "to be his champion, and defend

defend his peculiarities against your raillery and philippics, my dear Maria."

"This Sir George, is a strange character, from your ladyship's account," said Wilhelmina, addressing Lady Maria; "I should like to see him very much."

"Oh! you will admire him, my dear; he is fuller of antient knowledge than an university."

Wilhelmina Kenelm, was the only child of M. Kenelm's younger brother, and lost both her parents when she was about ten years old: she was the joint care of Madam Kenelm, and a Madam Heslim, her mother's sister. Wilhelmina, was a pretty little German, of a fine soft disposition, a lively turn, but no depth of understanding; in that respect her three young friends were greatly her superior, but her modest reserve prevented the discovery from being easily made; she sung prettily, and

danced with some grace: in short, she possessed every accomplishment necessary for a modern fine lady, with the desireable addition of a good heart; and for the man who preferred the light gay accomplishments of dance and song, to the more solid feast of intellectual love, she would be a desireable companion: but when the days of gaiety are over—when the limbs refuse the dance, and the voice can no longer warble forth the facinating harmonious notes—how heavily must the evening of their days move on: no resources in the mind—all a dreary waste: books are lumber; meditation, contemplation, and reflection, produces nothing, for the soil is sterile!

Imma, Lady Maria, and Theresa, found Wilhelmina a good-natured, but insipid companion, in those hours devoted to walking, working, and conversation; but she was an agreeable addition

dition to their musical amusements in the evenings, when with their voices and instruments they beguiled the winter evening hours; and the most impartial auditors could not venture to decide, which of the four sung the best.

As soon as it was publicly known that the prince was at Burgden Castle, his friends all hastened to welcome him; and his son and daughter were presented to all. Three or four nights in each week, they formed little music parties, at which the whole company assisted in turn, and the prince's neighbours generally took their leave with reluctance.

The much dreaded, and much wished-for period arrived, and Imma gave to her Antonio, and her affectionate parents, a son; a tranquil joy pervaded the family, at the happy moment. When a week elapsed, and both mother and child were in perfect safety,

Prince Gareci ordered the steward to send a German ducat to each poor person in the parish, to drink the countess and her son's health; the two grandfathers congratulated each other on the birth of a son; and the Countess of Cleobright pressed her once Felix, now Antonio, to her breast, and gave him joy of his son; nor did Lady Maria speak of the young stranger, but by the appellation of nephew.

As soon as Imma was perfectly recovered, the christening took place, which was splendidly gay; the child was, by the desire of both grand-fathers, named Antonio Felix Orsato. A few days after, the prince received a letter from M. Kruges, enclosing one for his niece: the one to the prince was written in the politest terms, thanking both him and M. Renelm, for their kind care of his niece; that he could not prevail on himself to see her, yet longer

longer he could not suffer her to intrude on their bounty, and requested they would permit her to obey his orders. The prince gave Theresa the letter from her uncle, saying, "I must beg to be made acquainted with the contents, for from what your uncle has written to me, I suspect it contains directions to you which we cannot accede to."

He then left the room—Theresa broke the seal with a trembling hand, it enclosed a bill on M. Kruges's banker, for four hundred and twenty ducats, and contained these few lines:

"Theresa!

"A cottage and solitude is a residence far more suitable for a licentious abandoned girl, than the castle of Burgden; it is my desire that you leave it immediately. At the village burg, you will find a cottage for your

reception; once a year you will receive a similar sum to the one enclosed."

Theresa sunk back in her chair, and it was with difficulty Lady Maria could keep her from fainting. She requested Lady Maria to give the letter to Prince Gareci, and retired to her chamber overcome with grief, at her uncle's cruel note; her meek spirit humbled to the dust by a delicate sense of her past improper conduct.

"What would this obdurate uncle have?" said Lady Maria, as she was carrying the letter to the prince; "all a true, penitent, and pious christian can do, she has done, to expiate her offence. She fled from the man she tenderly loved, which is the strongest proof of a woman's true repentance: she wandered through the world in friendless misery, and preferred encountering her uncle's rage and resentment, to living with the only man who's

who's company could make her happy in an illicit manner! She then voluntarily performed the most rigid penance the church can inflict on a sinner, and yet thy cruelty seeks to punish her more."

Such were Lady Maria's reflections as she sought the prince. He read the note, and consulted with his brother on the business. After some consideration, he dispatched the following letter by a servant:

"Sir!

"We accept your thanks for our care of your niece, and by them, think ourselves over paid. We must beg leave to add, that we feel it entirely out of our power to suffer Theresa to leave us in the manner you direct! From your arms and protection, we would not withhold her, but to let her retire to a cottage, friendless and alone, we cannot think of.

"We

"We allow, that for a licentious and an abandon woman, a cottage and solitude is fit; but for Theresa Kruges, the Castle of Burgden, and all its luxuries, are not more than she merits.

"Your's,

"A. GARECI."

Each lady visited Theresa, and endeavoured to cheer her spirits: when the first flow of grief had subsided, she requested her friends to permit her to obey her uncle's orders, but they overruled, and informed her of the letter the prince had sent.

"Your uncle errs, my dear," said the Countess of Cleobright; "he feels an unjust resentment against you. Was you obstinate in your error, he then would have ample reason for treating you thus harshly; but your conduct, my love, must convince every one of the purity of your heart, and your uncle will, no doubt, in time, view it in

the

the same light; until he does, you must let your friends have the pleasure of protecting you. Trust the management of your uncle to the prince and M. Kenelm, they will, no doubt, bring about a reconciliation."

"I must confess," replied Theresa, "I have no inclination to obey my uncle, but from a motive of duty! It would be ingratitude to my friends, not to own that I enjoy happiness in their kind protection and friendship, which I could no where else enjoy. Is it not necessary to answer my uncle's note?"

"It is; but defer it until the servant returns, who is gone with the prince's letter."

The servant brought a letter with these few words:

"Your excellence must use your own pleasure."

Theresa then wrote—

"My

"My ever respected uncle!

"I hope you will not place disobedience to the account of my offences, against my God, and yourself.

"To my friends, who lifted me from misery and despair, and reconciled me to my God and life, I owe much: it is with the deepest affliction I learn, that they are not successful in their endeavours with you, and that they did plead my cause in vain.

"Your humble and penitent niece, in her long and wearied pilgrimage, suffered much bodily pain and fatigue; yet, from the conversation she had with the good priests of Loretto, her soul felt greatly refreshed, and received strong assurances of the *grace* and *favour* of God! And she humbly prays, that her uncle will not withhold his for ever; that he will not be less merciful than a much-offended God.

"The cottage you have provided so kindly

kindly for me; you will pardon my not accepting; no doubt it is a proper asylum for a penitent sinner, but my friends forbid it; and, I trust, that although in the world enjoying the pleasures of social converse with souls far superior to myself, I shall draw much nearer my God than if shut up in cheerless, discontented solitude. Allow me to subscribe myself,

"Your penitent and grateful,

"THERESA KRUGES."

Perfect happiness and tranquillity reigned at Burgden Castle, and plans were forming for their intended visit to England, when Wilhelmina, whose spirits had visibly decreased for some time, fell seriously ill; medical assistance was called in, and the efficacy of medicine tried, it was pronounced to be in vain, that her malady was a disease of the mind and spirits, which could

could not be removed by medical aid alone.

Madam Kenelm was afflicted at this account, and tenderly entreated her niece to inform her of the cause. Wilhelmina was of an open sincere temper, and with her kind aunt she had few reserves, nor were many entreaties necessary to induce her to open her heart to Madam Kenelm, who heard with pain, that Wilhelmina beheld with too partial an eye, the amiable Lord Stellor. On Madam Kenelm's return from Wilhelmina's chamber, the ladies all anxious to know the real cause of their young friend's indisposition; and Madam Kenelm, with much reluctance declared, she was sorry to say her niece looked with a fond presumptuous eye on Lord Stellor, and she thought it adviseable to remove her from the cause of her illness as soon as possible.

"My

"My dear madam," said the Countess of Cleobright, "the dear girl will carry the cause with her in idea. I will speak to the earl; I think he feels too much gratitude for your kindness to Imnia, and all our friends, to suffer a relation of your's to breathe a sigh in vain, if the alliance will not prove inimical to his son's happiness."

Madam Kenelm expressed her thanks for the honour and kindness. When the countess informed the earl of Wilhelmina's partiality for Lord Stellor; he was both surprised and hurt, for he had other views for his son—he paused —walked the room—then replied, "Well, my dear, we cannot be less generous to this poor girl, than we were inclined to be to Imma, though, in that case, the happiness of our son was the grand motive; but, however, my countess, we must yield to the dictates of gratitude and humanity!—

Sound

Sound Felix's mind—discover his inclinations."

"Maria, my dear, shall first endeavour to learn his opinion and wishes."

Maria undertook the task with pleasure, and the next morning, taking him by the arm, said, "Brother, shall we walk: Imma and Theresa are engaged with their children; and I have no companion, if you will not take compassion on me."

During the walk the conversation naturally turned on the invalid.

"What, my brother, is your opinion of Wilhelmina?"

"Indeed, Maria, my knowledge of women is very confined; but, if the generality of them are like Wilhelmina, I shall think I have been very fortunate that the three first women I ever conversed with, should be so superior to their sex in general."

"Then

"Then you do not admire our young friend:"—

"I should, perhaps, had I never known Imma, my mother, and yourself."

"I thank you, brother, for your compliment; but, what faults do you see in her? She is very pretty, and plays, and sings, delightfully!"

"No faults, my dear sister, the defects of nature are not faults in the person who labours under them?"

"What natural defects do you discover."

"Oh, Maria! you are as quick sighted as any body. I will not offer at your shrine of vanity, your friends deficiencies."

"Ah! my saucy brother, I will punish you for this speech: I was going to make an offering to your vanity, but will not say a word more to you."

On her return, Lady Maria repeated

peated her conversation with her brother. The earl felt a secret satisfaction at hearing that Felix had such a degree of discernment, and was not sorry to find that Wilhelmina was not to his taste. The countess softened the account to Madam Kenelm, and promised to speak to him herself: which she did the next day, and began by asking his opinion of Wilhelmina.

"It is strange, madam; but my sister asked me the same question yesterday."

"Well, my dear, no matter: it is of consequence to me to know?"

"She is, I think, madam, a sprightly little girl, and by some men would be thought a pleasant companion."

"And is she not thought so by you?"

"As far as her good humour, and song amuses, she is."

"You was always fond of Imma, and she is lively?"

"Yes,

"Yes, mother, I always loved Imma sincerely; but she possesses much solid sense."

"But, my dear boy, if it was your father's wish and mine, could you not approve of Wilhelmina for a wife?"

"I would endeavour, madam, to obey you; but, if you wished to give me a wife who would make me happy, she must resemble in the beauties of her mind, as much as possible, my sister Imma and Theresa! Few women, I am afraid, from the observations I have made on the different ladies who visited Imma, both here, and at Bologna, will appear to advantage in the eye of any man, who has taste and judgment enough to admire our ladies."

"I do assure you, Felix, that, however lightly you may esteem Wilhelmina's merits, she is a girl far more likely to get a husband than your sister."

"Oh, madam! my sister possesses every accomplishment that Wilhelmina does; and in addition, a fine cultivated understanding! She speaks three languages with purity, and is perfect mistress of four of the sciences; and is well read in history: and, I dare say, she has full knowledge of all the light ornamental accomplishments which I do not understand."

"True, my dear; but I must inform you, that all that store of knowledge for which you so highly rate your sister, over and above what you discover in Wilhelmina are, in the opinion of some men, as so many drawbacks; and those accomplishments most admired are, what you call pretty, amusing, fragile elegances."

"Men, my dear, dread any thing like superiority in a woman; therefore, they sit down content with a pretty idiot, who disgusts at every sentence,

rather than marry a woman of sense, lest the balance should be in her favour."

"Their choice then is seldom any compliment to their judgment, or understanding, and they use their wives as foils to their own brilliancy!"

"You say right; and these innocent, silly wives give their dogmatic and pedantic husbands, glorious opportunities of shining forth in all their brilliant knowledge; while the dear innocents with open mouths, stare and wonder, and adore the profundity of their knowledge."

"My father, madam, is an exception."

"He is, and I hope there are many exceptions, yet they are few in number, when compared to the other; but, my dear, you think you could not love Wilhelmina as Antonio loves Imma."

"Was Wilhelmina a Imma, in every

respect, I could; but, madam, may I ask, why you make such urgent inquiries? I am not fully acquainted with the happiness of my present situation; and, believe me, I have no wish to change it, until I meet with a woman every way equal to my mother and sister. I hope I may be allowed the pleasure of being with them, and I think, I shall never feel a wish beyond them; and every day brings forcibly to my mind those powerful feelings which oppressed my breast, on my first seeing you at Amalfi; when I excused myself, and left the party, I had no business on earth, it was only to give relief to my aching heart, and to my legs which were seized with a trembling.

"On Maria's staying there, I suffered much; each moment was misery that was not spent with her. I grew uneasy at these feelings, and examined myself,

myself, if they were the feelings of love; but I felt none of the violent rapturous joys described by our poets! Mine was a calm pleasure, and what convinced me it was not love, was, in your company and my father's I received equal pleasure. My first week spent in Naples, was a week spent in Paradise; and my return to Amalfi, was a severe banishment. When I left it a second time in search of Imma, I offered up my prayers that I might never return to it again; but it was not the world I sought, it was you! I have attained all my heart can wish, and I hope you will allow me to enjoy my present happiness, without seeking to increase it?"

"It shall be so! And, my Felix, when you see, or know any thing which will add to your happiness, let your father or me know—never keep a wish, or want from us."

The countess informed the earl of her son's sentiments. He felt for the hopeless Wilhelmina, yet was happy that his son had declared his disapprobation of her as a wife.

Madam Kenelm requested the countess to inform her minutely of her conversation with her son, which she evaded.

"Why, do you, my dear countess, object to repeat your son's reasons against my niece? I know them well. I love her, but am not blind to her inferiority, when compared to the ladies he has been accustomed to converse with; but he will not meet with many such. Wilhelmina, in the circle she has been accustomed to move in, seldom fell into the back ground. She is much admired in our neighbourhood, because her friend's, though many, and women of rank, yet they are women of common capacities—with them she

she shines in equal brilliancy! With our dear Imma, Maria, and Theresa, she is but a satellite!"

"I hope, madam," said Lady Maria, "you did not tell my brother that Wilhelmina felt a preference for him, for it will make him intolerably vain."

"No, I did not; after he had given his opinion of the lady, it was needless, and had better remain a secret for both their sakes."

"If I read Lord Stellor right," answered Madam Kenelm, "he is a sensible man, and will never boast of being honoured with the affections of any woman in particular, when he cannot return the honour. He is a man of strict honour; his morals are untainted by the libertine examples of the gay world; and from the manner he speaks of the sex, I am sure, if he was acquainted with poor Wilhelmina's weakness, he would be tender of it;

the fever has quite left her, owing, I think, to her mind being more easy since she made me acquainted with her sorrows; and, I think, it will be adviseable to return home with her, and not let her see Lord Stellon again. When she is recovered I will take her to Vienna, and divert her mind."

"Why!" said Lady Maria, "I understood we were to have the pleasure of your company in England, with M. Kenelm, and William."

"My husband and son, I believe, will do themselves the pleasure; but I, my dear Maria, must stay with Wilhelmina."

In a few days the poor invalid left Burgden Castle with her aunt, and the party set out for England. Theresa first informed her uncle, by letter, of her leaving Germany. Lissa's son Joseph, came to take leave of his mother.

England

England offered many novelties to the strangers. The Earl of Cleobright's house, in Portland Place, not being large enough to accommodate so large a party, Count Sansovino took a ready furnished house near, at which the count and countess, Imma, Theresa, Antonio, and the prince, resided. M. Kenelm and his son, were the earl's guests.

When they separated, a little difficulty arose concerning Mr. West. The earl wished to retain him to attend on Lord Stellor; but he was so attached to his old master, that he begged not to leave him, which the earl could not object to, as Count Antonio expressed great regret to part with him.

As soon as Sir George Philomath heard of their arrival, he hastened to pay his respects; and, with pleasure informed them, that his Greek temple was quite compleated, and that he ex-

pected his tulips would be in high perfection in a month, or something less, when he hoped to be honoured with their company.

Lord Linton was at Bath, attending on his father, the Earl of Wedworth, who had been indisposed for some time. On receiving a letter from Count Antonio, his lordship excused himself from his father for two days, and came post to town. After the first greetings were over, he was taken to the nursery to see the little Antonio, where he was surprised to find Theresa, playing with her Pheneas, for Antonio had not mentioned her in his letter. He, with visible embarrassment, addressed her, then admired her son, who ran with open arms to him. The quick-sighted Imma, soon discovered the cause of his lordship's melancholy, which Sir George spoke of. His lordship excused himself from staying dinner, as he had many

many visits to make, and should leave town early in the morning. Count Antonio went with him to the earl's, where it was determined that the earl and Antonio should accompany him to Bath, and pay their respects to the Earl of Wedworth. The day after their arrival at Bath, Antonio, being alone with Lord Linton, mentioned Sir George's concern at the melancholy he observed had taken possession of his mind!

"Why did he speak of it? Faith! he is a curious fellow! But to say the truth, Antonio, which in confidence to you I give, I should not have left you so soon after your wedding, but that I found a certain something steal over my heart, which I did not like to encourage, and thought it best to fly from the cause."

"What can you mean? Maria, did

not on a sudden appear more fascinating than usual."

"Maria I always admired; but, it is a brotherly admiration! Few women appear so truly amiable in my eyes."

"But what will you say to your friend, who has withstood the eyes of an hundred beauties in the different courts of Europe, when he confesses that the penitent Theresa, stole into my heart! Maria's beauties, and the pretty joyous beauties and sparkling eyes of your Imma, has often warmed my heart, and kept my spirits dancing; but the soft transparent beauties of Theresa, steal over the senses, and dissolve the soul. To England I came, and was nearly myself again, when unexpectedly meeting her in your nursery, gave me a severe shock. And with what blushing consciousness and modesty did she say, when I praised the lovely Pheneas,

neas,—'Ah! my lord, he is my monitor, he keeps my mind sensibly awake to my past indiscretions and sufferings; at the same time he is the sweetest balm to all.' Why! did she say so Antonio:—and she looked with her soft blue eyes—a Turk would have been melted?—What a wretch must Obreskoff be, to resist her supplication for justice!"

"He was a wretch:—but, indeed, my friend, you must not see this dangerous Theresa again; yet, how can you avoid it, for we cannot send her away, and you must come to us."

"No, depend on it I shall avoid seeing her as much as possible, therefore do not invite me; besides, my duty to my father will keep me at Bath, and I amuse him by relating the adventures of Orsato and Cassandra, who he wishes to see, if we can prevail on them to come down for a few days. Imma must come, but do not bring Theresa, for

for the sake of your friend:—if I see her, I must love—and to love a woman I cannot marry, is running myself into eternal misery; for, although I believe her to be as free from intentional vice, as the babe she nurses, yet the world will not think so, nor can I marry a woman the world will point at."

"Poor Theresa!—All men will not be so delicate, I hope; but I do not believe she will marry any man, while Obreskoff lives, therefore, my friend, your suit would be vain."

Antonio then told Lord Linton what had passed between him and Lord Tyfield: he was surprised at his quick sight, and a little uneasy to hear that he admired Theresa.

When the earl took his leave of his old friend, the Earl of Wedworth, he was commissioned to invite all his foreign friends to Bath, also his son and daughter.

As

As the Earl of Wedworth was sinking fast under a variety of disorders, the Earl of Cleobright wished the visit to be made as soon as possible, while his old friend was capable of enjoying their company. The journey was fixed on, and to prevent Theresa from feeling herself neglected, Lady Maria desired to stay with her.

The Earl of Wedworth was much pleased with his guest, and asked Count Orsato, a hundred minute questions concerning Morocco. The earl was a man of the world, and enjoyed all its gaieties, until the age of fifty, when he married a young lady, who died soon after she gave him a son. He then returned to his gay companions, and committed the care of his son to his countess's mother, who reared him with tenderness, and saw he possessed more of her daughter's virtues and graces, than his father's follies and vices;

vices: but the earl was never spoken of as a man addicted to any particular or flagrant vice, but as a man fond of pleasure; and at the age of seventy-four he sat in his chair, and engaged in the highest glee a convivial evening.

Lord Linton, knowing Imma was fond of music, engaged several scientific performers, and had little concerts. The earl was so pleased with Imma's voice, that every night before she took her leave, she was obliged to sit on his knee, and sing, some little Italian or French song while he, his eyes swiming in tears of delight, would hum the tune. One night, when Imma was singing a sweet Italian song, and filled the room with her delighful swells, then running into the softest cadences, the old gentleman, lost in ecstacy, prest her in his arms, and exclaimed, "Why, Frederic!—Why, did

not

not you give me such a daughter, to charm me in my old days?"

"The reason, sir, is, that there are few such women to be met with."

Many attempts were made to leave Bath, but the earl entreated with such irresistible politeness for another day, and another day, that instead of a week they were gone three. Soon after their return, cards were received from Sir George, requesting the pleasure of their company at his villa, to view his tulips, and attend his reading of a translation from the Greek. On the day fixed, the party set off early, agreeable to the invitation.

They found a number of visitors of both sexes, arrived before them; and Sir George, in high spirits, was coming his friends. He particularly introduced the earl and countess to a Miss Malversa, who, the earl understood, was Lady Philomath elect. The

countess

countess was much amused in viewing the lady's person, dress, and manners: in size, she exceeded what the French call *en bon point*; nor could the countess think her quite so young as Sir George did, for the fatal crow's-feet were found at the corner of each eye, which the men hold as a just criterion to judge when a female has arrived at a certain age.

All the company were arrived, and Sir George led the way to the tulip beds, where there were five or six gardeners attending. The tulips were beautiful, and, perhaps, the only things in nature, or art, which Sir George ever purchased, that really were what he believed them to be; many gentlemen of correct taste and judgment, as florists, were present, and took great pains and pleasure, in pointing out the real beauties of the gay flowers, to those of less knowledge. When the

tulips

tulips had been nicely examined, and every beauty discovered and extolled, which took up some time, the company dispersed in parties through the garden and pleasure grounds, where was much deserving attention; the hot-house and green-house were in the first style, and produced fruits and plants in high perfection. Miss Malversa offered her arm to the Countess of Cleobright, nor did she appear to be intimate with any person there, except a gentlemen, to whom Miss Malversa introduced the earl and countess, by the name of Marcid. He soon displayed his great knowledge as a naturalist, and expatiated on the great benefits such studies were productive of to mankind.

"After dinner," said Miss Malversa, "Sir George intends to oblige the company with a sight of many natural curiosities; among the rest is a large collection

lection of flies, butterflies, and various insects, which I have been collecting with infinite pains, and M. Marcid will give the company a succinct treatise of each insect; and you must allow me to shew you a new invented pond for breeding the dragon fly, or rather for making observations on their breeding."

"Indeed!" said the earl, "does the dragon fly breed in water?"

"Most certainly, earl, they do; but it is asserted by naturalists, that from the time the eggs are deposited in the water, on the root of some water plant, it is two years before they leave the water, and appear in their last shape flying about a perfect dragon fly.

"Now, if it was not that these antient authors and naturalists have fallen into great errors and absurdities, there would be little left for modern authors and naturalists to do; and, as

Sir

Sir George says, it is of the greatest general utility to enlighten the works of dark authors, we have discovered, and proved great errors and mistakes in the natural histories now read! Myself, and Sir George, intend to publish a new synopsis, which will confute all that have been published of the kind. This pond for the dragon fly, has been the work of some weeks; Sir George and myself superintend it all the time, and now I am on the watch for a fly; it is rather early for them, yet I have seen them flying at this time, but not commonly:—this way, earl—this way, ladies, leads to the pond."

At this instant, a servant informed them that the company were assembled to partake of a sandwich. They immediately returned to the house, and found the side-boards loaded with cold delicacies.

"My friends," said Sir George, "it is

is now two o'clock, dinner will be on the table at six; and the intermediate, we shall most deliciously fill up in reading, and remarking on my translation from the Greek."

"We are impatient for the translation, Sir George," cried, two or three long visaged gentlemen, with snuff-dyed noses, and antient sable velvets, embroidered by the same herb:—"all we have seen or heard is entirely out of our taste."

"Except the good things before you," said a dashing young man of fashion:—the gentlemen frowned, and revenged the repartee on their snuff boxes.

"Now," said Sir George, "if you please, I will shew the way to the temple."

The company followed, and were much pleased with the elegant neatness of the building, and the beautiful

bustos

bustos with which it was adorned. Sir George pointed out, in the politest manner, the heads of the different Grecians, to those he found not so conversant with the Greeks as himself.

Sir George, highly flattered by the great praise given, and deservedly so, to his taste in beautifying the temple, prepared to read his manuscript. In charming spirits, he mounted his elevated seat—all was silent—he began:

"The embassy of Abaris, the Hyperborean sage, and priest of Apollo, his ærial flight to Athens, written by Myteli, a priestess of Proserpine, the salutory, given by her to Damo, daughter of Pythagoras, who preserved it in the temple at Lacedæman."

A profound silence reigned—the three learned men who sat together took snuff.

"The whole earth being infested by a deleterious plague, the Hypoborean Apollo

Apollo being consulted, said, the prayers of the Athenians should avail, for the benefit of all nations! Abaris was appointed by the oracle, to the amandation, and furnished by the Hyperborean god, with a sacred arrow, on which he glided through the air; and, although, while he was in possession of this sacred arrow, he took no sustenance, yet he had no appearance of atrophy! The Athenians promised their prayers; and Abaris then visited Samos, from the great respect he had for the Samian sage, and a desire to breathe the native air of Juno: from thence he flew to Cythera, now called Cerigo. You see, ladies and gentlemen, I am particular in giving you the modern names of each, as well as the antient, you will find it perfectly defecated, nothing pedantic, I have rejected all ambiguous words. But to proceed—

"Abaris,

"Abaris, flying on this sacred arrow, visited many of the Greek Islands, but last of all Crete, now called Candia; was favoured by him, and my father Mytelius was honoured by his company. Abaris, by the Hyperborean Apollo, was gifted with divination, and the foretelling of plagues and earthquakes; he foretold one that would happen at Crete, but said he would save me; then he bound me up in his plaid, and striding the arrow, flew with me to Lacedæman, now called Misite; then he built a temple, and consecrated it to Prosepine, the salutary, and made me priestess: he consulted the oracle; it ordered him to seek Pythagoras—your father foretelling he would be his most favoured disciple; that to him he should give the sacred oracle:—the oracle he obeyed."

"Sir George," said one of the learned men, rising from his seat, who was

preparing for the press a biography of all the Greek poets and sages, "I pronounce your manuscript to be spurious; for it is well known, that the sage Pythagoras died of hunger, which he could not have done, if he had been in possession of the sacred arrow. My work, Sir George, will fully refute your's."

"Give me leave to tell you, sir," replied Sir George, "that you are not a competent judge of these things, and I beg you will defer giving your opinion until I have finished my reading."

"Not a competent judge! What, do——"

"Silence! silence!" was reiterated from each present—the tall lean man sat down.

"I, by order of the oracle, hung his quiver of arrows at his back, tied his plaid on his shoulders, fixed his blue

blue bonnet on his head, with his bow in his left hand; he mounted his sacred arrow, and bent his way to Crotona.

"Now, my kind auditors, you will see by his dress, and what I shall hereafter read, that Abaris was not a Scythian priest of Apollo, as is generally believed, but a Scot."

"Sir George," said the tall man, rising again, "you cannot prove that; all authors are against you; all affirm that he was a Scythian."

"Mr. Latrant," returned Sir George, "do you think I shall fall into the errors of common authors; or, because they say he was a Scythian, I must say the same? When I have undoubted proofs to the contrary—aye, sir, irrefragable proofs—am I to say he was a Scythian, because it is an ocumenical opinion? No, sir, he went to Athens in a plaid, a gilded belt round his

waist, a bow and quiver, also trowsers reaching down to his ancles. I will prove this to be the native dress of an Aborigineal Scot."

"Sir George Philomath," said the second man of learning, rising gravely from his seat, and taking a pinch of snuff with great deliberation—"you said something of common authors, just now:—give me leave to ask what you mean by common authors, and the errors of common authors. I wish to understand what class of men you rank as common authors. I am an author, Sir George, and I believe some of my works have been of use to you."

"Mr. Polyglot, I mean not to depreciate any man's talents, but I have a right to fulciment my opinion, in particular when those opinions are founded on irrefragable authority. Mr. Latrant calls my judgment in question,

tion, when he asserts, the manuscript I purchased at so great an expence to be spurious."

"Sir George, it is spurious, I will maintain; and, I will also maintain, that Abaris was a Scythian."

"Mr. Latrant, you are wrong—the Scythians were always in a state of nudity, or nearly so—they had no plaid nor bonnet. Men of superficial knowledge, mere sciolists, who skim the surface of things, I shall not attend to. It is my intention to amplificate knowledge, and deracinate the hallucinations of dark writers."

"Sir George," bellowed forth, Mr. Latrant, strutting up to him, "my writings, give me leave to tell you, are in great demand, and highly esteemed —and I will yield my opinion to no man."

"Nor will I," rejoined Mr. Polyglot; "and, Sir George, I demand an

explanation of common authors, and dark writers."

"Gentlemen," said Sir George, "I engage you both at once; I am as able a general in literary engagements as any you can encounter! And, I must say, gentlemen, that to engage with you is mere sciomachy—mere sciomachy, gentlemen!"

The last part of this sentence was accompanied by a violent and disdainful motion of the right arm, which came in contact with Mr. Latrant's wig, and dislodged it—Miss Malversa's bosom received the well-powdered ornament, which had for years decorated the head of the philosopher, and nearly suffocated her with the profusion of meal. Sir George, alarmed at the cloud which enveloped his adorata, sought to disencumber her. The dishonoured and enraged author, full of resentment, unmanly pushed Sir George,

George, already bending over his affrighted fair one: he lost his equilibrium, and, in his fall, laid Miss Malversa by his side. The company interfered, and led out the enraged sons of Clio, who left the house. When Sir George and the lady were lifted from the ground, and received the congratulations of the company on escaping unhurt, Miss Malversa proposed a walk in the garden; Sir George, with great tenderness, offered his arm, while M. Marcid supported her on the other—they strayed towards the bed of lovely tulips. Sir George soon forgot his past dangers and insults, in contemplating their various and wonderful beauties—then conversing with his friends on their varied hues—when all on a sudden Miss Malversa exclaimed, "A dragon! a dragon!"—and darted instantly across the bed of tulips. M. Marcid followed in the pursuit, and in

one instant laid every tulip flat to the ground. The light foot of Miss Malversa had pressed many of them some inches below the surface of the bed: Sir George groaned—clasped his hands, and was a perfect madman—while Miss Malversa and her friend followed the fly, roaring with hollow lungs, "A dragon! a dragon!" The sounds caught the ears of many ladies; and seeing Miss Malversa run with extended arms, and her lean companion after her, judged they were pursued, instead of pursuing, joined in the outcry, and fled, not knowing but Sir George, as he was an extraordinary man, had such an animal in his possession; and to confirm their fears, they saw Sir George carried along by two servants, while the strong eye of imagination traced the blood running, and his body lacerated.

Miss Malversa, with her eye fixed on the

the fly, followed its course, when running against the fat lady of Sir Ardel Gem, who was formerly a diamond merchant, they both rolled down a slope, and was received by a dwarf hedge of variegated holly.

The greatest part of the company set off for their respective homes; and the next morning the newspapers informed the public, that Sir George Philomath had been nearly devoured by a flying dragon, and a numerous party of ladies and gentlemen only saved their lives by flight.

A serious illness succeeded the destruction of his tulips. The earl attended his old friend to his chamber, and endeavoured to console him—when a servant brought a message from Miss Malversa, requesting to be admitted.

"Tell the woman I will never see her more; nor yet the living mum-

my, her friend—tell them to leave my house."

The servant, with much softening, delivered the message. The lady's finer feelings were wounded at so gross a dismission, and from the coarse lips of a servant. She started up, with the palm of her hand spread, and laid it with all her force on the man's cheek.

"There, you lying varlet, bring me such another message, and you shall have the fellow to it."

She then ran to Sir George's room, knocked rudely at the door—M. Popillion opened it. "Tell Sir George," said she, "I must see him."

"I will not see the woman," said Sir George, in a voice of anger.

"Woman in your teeth!" said she; "Who do you call woman? How dare you send me such a message?"

"I do believe I have called you out of

of your name," said Sir George, trembling; "but I beg you will leave this room, and the house as soon as possible."

"I shall not leave the house, Sir George; I shall stay until you have fulfilled your promise, and made me Lady Philomath."

"Then I shall order my servants to put you out; and I assure you, that you can never be Lady Philomath."

"Then, Sir George, you may expect to hear from my solicitor!"

"Pardon me, madam; but I must advise you to retire: you see Sir George is very much indisposed—his mind is in such a state, that he must not be talked to."

She, looking fiercely at Sir George, said, "I have ample proofs of your promises, and shall make the best use of them,"—then darting a look of disdain, she flounced out of the room.

The earl soon after took his leave, with promises to wait on him the next morning. During the ride from Effingham, the ladies found much cause for mirth in the retrospection of the day.

Said Imma, "I regret but two of the events which have taken place—the destruction of the tulips, and the loss of our dinner; the altercation between Sir George, and the two rusty black men, diverted me much; and Miss Malversa's roll in the holly hedge was delightful."

"And," said Antonio, "when she lay kicking in the hedge, she roared more like a moon-calf, than a fine lady."

The next morning the earl and the prince took a ride to see Sir George, whom they found much depressed in spirits; and he declared that he would immediately leave England; that the paragraph he had read in the paper that morning

morning was sufficient to set him off. The earl endeavoured to persuade him from his intention. While they were in conversation, the post brought a letter from Miss Malversa, declaring in very gross terms, that if he did not either marry her, or make her a very handsome acknowledgment, she would instantly sue him for breach of promise.

"To be sure," said Sir George, "this is a vile woman! My bed of tulips have been happily spoiled, as the discovery of this woman is the event—but my heart has been severely pained. How have I been duped! And my beautiful flowers which so much delighted me; and to partake of my pleasure, all my friends have been invited. My steward has been up all night writing excuses to those invited for this day and to-morrow, and every man servant is dispatched different

ways

ways to deliver them. In three days, earl, I will leave England, if my health will permit; at present Doctor Hydromancy says my fever is too high to permit me to leave my room—I cannot stay in England, for Sir George, and the flying dragon, will ring through my ears in every corner of St. James's."

On the earl's return to dinner he found a letter, brought by a courier, from Lord Tyfield, enclosing one for Theresa. Lord Tyfield informed the earl, that from the Archipelago he passed through antient and modern Greece; that stopping at a wretched inn on the borders of Hungary, he heard of a man in a dying state, who, from the account, he judged to be Obreskoff, the seducer of Theresa; he paid him a visit, and found his suspicions just. Mr. Hyperton had been greatly instrumental towards his reformation, and they had brought him,

with

with great care and difficulty, as far as Presburg, but found it impossible to proceed. He appeared to be fully sensible of his crimes, and expressed an ardent wish to make Theresa every restitution in his power, and anxiously desired to see his child. The enclosed letter to Theresa, was written by Obreskoff at intervals, strongly expressive of his sorrow, and entreating her in the humblest manner, to come and pronounce his forgiveness, and receive from his hand all the atonement in his power.

These letters threw Theresa into a violent perturbation.

"What," said the earl, "is your determination? For whatever is done, must be done quickly."

"It is you, my dear, earl," said Theresa, "must decide for me. I dare not ask my heart what it would do! For in every thing which concerns

Obreskoff, my heart in general has over-ruled my better reason."

"My love," said the earl, "we all have something to be forgiven! None are without sin—and it is our duty to meet a repenting sinner half-way, and kindly lead him on; by our example of forgiveness, teach him to look with hope to a higher power. From Lord Tyfield's letter, I suspect his life is in danger; and it is a Christian duty, to make the departing hours of the sinner as happy as we can."

"Then it is your advice that I go to him?"

"It is; and that you take Pheneas with you."

"Your advice delights and comforts me, for it favours the wish of my heart."

It was immediately fixed that Imma, the prince, Count Antonio, and M. Kenelm, should accompany Theresa

and

and her child. The prince then wrote to M. Kruges, acquainting him with the happy turn in Obreskoff's mind and sentiment, requesting either the favour of his presence at Presburg, or advice by letter. Early the next morning the earl went to acquaint Sir George with the affair, and that the party intended leaving town the next day.

"I will go with them," said Sir George, "for my next tour is to be through many parts of Turkey in Europe, Poland, and Hungary, I have never visited."

"I am sure," said the earl, "the party will be happy in the addition."

M. Popilion was then summoned to make immediate preparations for the journey; and Sir George went to town with the earl.

Imma committed the care of her Felix to her mother. Sir George requested

ed they would use his villa as their own, and the produce of the gardens and hot-house.

Lady Maria was fully taken up with the attentions of M. Kenelm, and received them with apparent pleasure. Lord Stellor was always of their studious parties. Astronomy was their favourite science—and they attended all public lectures; but in their idle hours his lordship left them, and flew to the company of his father and mother, and the Count and Countess of Sansovino.

Theresa and her friends sailed for the Baltic, and arrived safe at Dantzic; from whence, with the most fatiguing haste, they posted to Presburg, where they found Lord Tyfield and Mr. Hyperton, attending Obreskoff. Theresa's feelings were so much agitated, at knowing she was under the same roof with a man for whom she felt the sincerest

cerest attachment, blended with virtuous resentment, that she fainted, and on recovering she found herself so weak, that she went to her chamber.

When Obreskoff heard she was arrived, he was impatient to see her. On being told she was too ill, he fetched a deep groan—then desired to see his child.

Count Antonio entered the room with the nurse.

"Oh! my dear friend," said Obreskoff, "shall I embrace first you, or my boy."

He then took the child from Lissa, put him to his breast, and shed tears of affection over him; then admired, and compared his infant beauties with Theresa's.

"Oh! my dear friend," said Obreskoff, "had I followed your example—had I let your advice sink into my heart—had I suffered it to have had due

due weight with me—how many months of misery should I have spared my Theresa! I should have been the happy husband of a virtuous wife, and the proud father of this dear boy."

The little Pheneas, while his father was lamenting over him, smiled, and putting his little hands on each cheek, pulled his face down, and put out his coral lips to meet the kiss. This infant act of fondness overpowered Obreskoff; he fell back in an ecstacy of grief and joy. Lissa attempted to take the child, but he grasped him too tight—nor could they rouse him from this delirium of the feelings—till the infant, alarmed at the scene, held out his hand to Lissa, and cried. He kissed the tear from his cheek, and gave him to his nurse—she left the room.

"Oh! my friend," said Obreskoff, "that kind, good, amiable, Lord Tyfield; but, indeed, all men are better than

than me! They possess noble and virtuous principles; but I am a wretch—a savage! The worthy Lord Tyfield and Mr. Hyperton, have preserved my life for some weeks, and I hope my soul for ever! He has informed me the strange events that have taken place in your affairs and Imma's; and through him I have heard of Theresa's sufferings, and of her uncle's inexorableness. He then spoke of my child with such raptures, as impressed my soul with a desire to own him. Oh! my Antonio, what a life has mine been! How I have dashed blessings from me, which some men would have been grateful to have possessed. And now I am taught to know the value of them, I shall not be spared long to enjoy them."

"We must hope the best," said Antonio; "in Theresa's pardon and friendship, you will find a greater balm than you expect."

"Yes,

"Yes, to my mind it will indeed be a balm, but my body is wounded past cure."

"Past cure! my friend, how did it happen?"

"Hear me with patience, and I will relate my villainies: soon after I left Manfredonia, I received letters from Russia, informing me that my father was ill, and requested to see me. I obeyed, and my father lived but a month after my return. The mournful event affected me but little, and I fancied myself possessed of a princely fortune; my ancestors, as far back as I can trace, enjoyed the title of Knezes, when by a regulation of titles of distinction, which took place some years ago, my grandfather was ordered to take the title of count, which on my father's death, devolved on me. My native place I never liked, and I early imbibed the vices

vices of my countrymen, but their virtues I rejected.

"In two months after the death of my father, I left Livonia, determined to range at large, and enjoy life, as I then thought; but I now know that I only murdered it; and what I fancied a few weeks ago to be pleasures worthy the pursuits of man, I now am convinced are vices that would disgrace the dark unlettered Indian. I made a tour through part of Russia and Poland: at Cracow I was introduced to a family by a Russian friend; I soon found the whole family pleased with my company, and I made it my study to improve on them. The family consisted of a noble pole, and his lady, three daughters, and two sons; the eldest son, a fine young man, I was particularly attentive to; he was frank, polite, and noble; the eldest and youngest of the ladies were plain

plain in their persons, and unpleasant in their manners; but the second daughter was rather pretty, and sprightly; I paid her great attention, nor did I hide my apparent regard for the lady; and I saw the old gentleman and lady look with pleasure on my assiduities. I had not the same pretext to urge to my fair one, for flying from her friends, with which I deluded my poor Theresa, but the lady had her weaknesses, and I played on them: she was of a romantic turn, and I heated her imagination and heightened her ideas and desires, and found her melting in my arms; I then proposed an elopement—marriage on the road, take her to my estate and introduce her to my friends at Livonia, and bring her to her friends in great pomp and splendour, the Countess of Obreskoff. She instantly agreed, saying her father might be angry at first, but her marrying

marrying a count, without any mention of fortune, would please him much, for, (added she) my father loves his money. I lost no time in putting my plan into execution: I ordered my servant to get my carriage ready with great secrecy, and wait at some distance from the house, an hour after the family were gone to rest; my valet is a fellow of great trust and ability, and has been of infinite use to me in many affairs of this kind. When all were asleep, I left my apartment, and found my fond fair one waiting; I took her hand, and we fled like lightning to the carriage: we blessed our kind stars, and drove on with speed. My valet Rouski provided us with wine and provisions, so we stopped not the whole day; when late in the evening my carriage broke down, by the side of a wood, and four miles from any town. Rouski advised me to retire with the lady in the wood,

while he went with the carriage to get it mended; they tied up the wheel with ropes, and made all the haste possible. I was well amused with my companion, and the time passed unobserved; more than four hours elapsed, when I heard the sound of the carriage, and I thought more voices than my servant's. The lady caught me round the neck, and exclaimed, 'Sure here is my brother! I hear his voice.' I pressed her to my breast, and swore that ten thousand brothers should not part us. I then heard him say to Rouski, 'Show me where they are, or my sabre shall take off your head: come Sir, lead on.' I heard their footsteps nearer; they soon appeared, and by the light of the moon I saw I had five to combat with. I put myself in a posture of defence, and placed the lady behind me. 'Wretch,' said her eldest brother, 'is it thus you reward hospitality? Give me back my sister,

and

and your life or mine shall be the price of your treachery.' Your sister I will never give up (said I); and as to my life, it is too valuable to be opposed to your's. 'Come on,' returned he, and gave me a blow with his sabre, which penetrated deep into the fleshy part of my back. I fell; and the other brother, who carried both sword and sabre, thrust his sword between my ribs, and made a wound, though not instantaneous death, it is mortal, and must soon end my wretched life. My servants were busy in supporting me, and my lady was carried off. Rouski bound up my wounds in the best manner he could, and, with the help of the other servants, carried me to the carriage, and there supported me between them; and the driver made all possible haste to the next town. I was lifeless from loss of blood. When we reached the town, all the assistance possible was procured;

and three days I lay in a wretched Polish Inn; as soon as possible, Rouski moved me one day's journey, where your worthy friends found me. The conversation of Mr. Hyperton has convinced me of my errors; and he has placed my crimes to view in their proper colours. The villainies I have been guilty of thrill my soul with horror. O! my friend, I have worn the mask of friendship and goodness: I have gained the confidence of the good and worthy, and then have treacherously stabbed their honour in the most vulnerable part. I have rendered many women unhappy in some degree, but none so truly so as Theresa; she, of all the women I have injured, was the least accessary to her own misery; and she is the only woman I can make restitution to, for she is the only woman I truly love."

"I am happy," said Antonio, "that you

you so fully see the impropriety of your conduct; you own many women have fallen sacrifices to your arts. It is true you can marry but one, and I rejoice to find that one is Theresa, for she is truly amiable, and possesses every thing man can hope to find in woman; but the others also claim your care, and if any of them are in consequence of their attachment to you, driven from their parents, or are in want of a home, it is your duty to provide for them, and their infants, if they have any. Your fortune you own is a princely one: then it is in your power to do all this without the least difficulty. You may be a father to all your children, though you cannot be the husband of all their mothers."

"I will do it: I will fully do my duty in the short time I have to live, but let me be reconciled to Theresa first; I long for morning: if she knew my hours

hours were so few, she would have seen me to-night."

In the morning Theresa prepared to see Obreskoff: when she got to his apartment, her spirits failed, she recalled them, and entered: she walked to the bed-side: he was supported by pillows: his pale cheeks and hollow eyes shocked her: he held out his arms: she dropped on her knees: he embraced her, "Do you, can you forgive the villain Obreskoff?" She was silent: the pressure of her arms spoke the tenderness of her heart; a silence reigned, disturbed only by sighs for some time. Obreskoff at last exclaimed, "Oh! my Theresa, this tenderness distresses me: look up, let me hear you pronounce my pardon."

"You have it," she replied, scarcely articulate.

"Then I am happy! Do you consent to our union? You too long solicited for it and I was deaf: do not treat me with

with the same disregard: say that this day shall make you mine for ever."

"If it will make you happy, let it be so. I would not, though it is in my power, inflict one pang on your heart: thousands I have suffered, and you the cause."

"There, Theresa, you gave a blow; tell me not of your sufferings, they wound my soul; let peace reign between us: send for our child, our cherub; let him be the bond of peace."

Pheneas warmed and delighted the hearts of his parents; he ran round the room, played with his mother, and lisped a few words, some German, some Italian, and some English—when Obreskoff exclaimed, "This is the only true happiness I ever felt! Are these a father's feelings? Oh! how exquisite the parental joys! Oh! my associates, my fellow libertines, believe the experience of one who has lost too many years in riot,

deception, and seduction, when he assures you that one hour's domestic pleasure, is worth an age of riotous and illicit joys."

Theresa and Pheneas spent some hours in Obreskoff's chamber, which gave him new life; and they only left him to prepare for the ceremonies which were to take place in the evening. Obreskoff left his bed, and with much pain put on his clothes. A Roman Catholic priest attended; also one of the Greek church; both ceremonies were performed in the presence of Lord Tyfield, Mr. Hyperton, M. Kenelm, and Sir George Philomath. The prince acted as father, Imma supported the trembling Theresa, and Antonio was by the side of Obreskoff, who sat up several hours and enjoyed the company of his friends.

Sir George complimented Count Obreskoff on his marriage.

"I assure

"I assure you, count, it gives me the sincerest pleasure to see a man so nobly, so magnanimously rise above his facinorous nocent pleasures; it is an instance not often met with in a man so young; therefore argues a better heart than those in general possess, whose daily study and practice is Thelyphora. May you long enjoy the happiness such an union promises! I must take this opportunity of lamenting how extremely unfortunate I have been in my pursuits among the ladies, though I solemnly protest that I never harboured a thought or intention to the injury of one of the sex, but the only two women I ever presumed to—"

"Presumed! Sir George," interrupted Count Antonio.

"Yes, my young friend, I do say presumed, and I speak as I feel; and I always felt it a presumption, and thought it so in others, to suppose themselves

worthy of being united to the angelic part of the creation!"

"Do you mean to say, Sir George," returned Antonio, "that in general, men are inferior to women in their intellectual gifts and acquirements?"

"I once thought that women indiscriminately were man's superiors, intellectually and personally, but on a more correct knowledge of the world, I discovered my mistake. I was led into this error by my mother, Lady Winifred Philomath. She was daughter of the Earl of Syllabus; she was a woman of astonishing abilities for sense and learning; she was a paragon for her sex, for beauty, goodness of heart, and chastity of manners; I had no comparison with such an amiable patron of the sex before me. You will not be surprised at my imbibing a veneration for the sex in my early years; and that continued to increase, till by

autopsy I was convinced that all women are not quite so amiable as my mother. This inopinate, unwished for discovery gave me great pain; but I did not lose my respect for the sex; and many of my female friends now hold the same exalted place my mother did: but I must allow that there are some weak, ignorant, and even bad women, in existence, yet there are numbers of women of deep learning, strong sense, amiable, soft, and virtuous hearts, which few men will bear a comparison with. There are few men truly acroamatical, who are not pedantic and forbidding in their manners, and absolutely opinionated in their abilities; my friends Polyglot and Latrant for example. There are not many men of genius who have not great faults to counterbalance their great merits. When out of upwards of forty females within the circle of my acquaintance, who possess

every thing that great as a scholar, every thing virtuous and good as a christian, and as a wife, and as mothers all that is tender, fond, endearing, and industrious."

"Ha! Sir George," replied Antonio, "you examine the ladies with a partial judgment; and all men who are fond of the sex, view their merits, their acquirements, with a miscroscopic eye; but what we admire as a depth of learning in women, would not attract notice in man. It is impossible women can ever acquire that full knowledge of the sciences men do, they have so many branches of knowledge to attend to: the light and pleasing arts of the needle and pencil demand much of their time."

"Count Antonio, your are in possession of a woman, who in every respect confutes what you assert; and I will prove, or at least she will prove,

that her knowledge of the sciences and of two living languages (and two which are generally called dead languages), is far superior to your own; and you will not presume to say she is the only woman so learned."

"No, Sir George, I cannot say so, but I fear you over-rate my Imma much."

"You hope I do, you mean, Antonio; but believe me, when I say Imma's knowledge and learning is superior to your's, I do not place you beneath the level of our men of letters of the present day; and if two-thirds of my country women were to receive the instruction your Imma has, they might rank with her. The fault lays not with the sex, but in the system of education. What have many of my fair country women to struggle with, when given up by her governess and masters, with what is called a finished education. They will enter a drawing room with

confidence

confidence and grace, dance a waltz or a cotillion, with the air of an opera dancer; if nature has given her a voice she will sing with taste; but ask her the form of the earth, and she knows not if it is round, square, or octagon, or a plane, nor if it has motion, or is fixed; nor are they able to tell what quarter of the globe gave birth to our Saviour."

"I own, Sir George," replied Count Antonio, "that in most parts of Europe, not England in particular, the system of female education is too confined; and Imma would never have been the woman of knowledge she is, had she never been separated from her parents, and educated by a set of liberal minded men, who can discover genius in either sex."

"Now, count, you support my hypothesis, that women's minds are strong and energetic, and capable of receiving all that can be taught, equally with the men;

men; and they have in general two virtues, which in a course of studies must give them a pre-eminence—patience and perseverance."

"I must confess, Sir George," said Lord Tyfield, "that I feel a sacred veneration for the sex; it is a veneration founded on the same as you profess. A pretty woman has my admiration, and a sensible woman I esteem; and if I marry a sensible woman, she must possess diffidence and good nature, for a pedantic woman is to me almost as disgusting as a silly woman."

"Then, my lord," said the prince, "you had rather have a woman to teach, than one who can teach you?"

"I know not, prince, how to answer that question; a woman of common abilities I should be ashamed of; and one of splendid, extensive knowledge, I should be afraid of."

"I hope, my dear lord," said Mr. Hyperton,

Hyperton, "that you will never, through fear, marry a woman whose deficiencies are such as to cast a reflection on your judgment. When a man makes a match, the common observations are, 'Why his lordship has married a pretty woman! but she is not very brilliant.' 'Ah! no matter,' says another, 'she has plenty of money no doubt; and when he is tired of her pretty nothing, he can leave her ladyship, and solace himself with company more rational."

"No, my lord, be assured that a woman of sense will never call her knowledge to depreciate her husband's; she will rather sink in the back ground than blazen forth her depth of learning. If ever she suffers you to feel her superiority, it will be in your private conversations; and those, believe me, will be your most delightful hours: then is the time you will both amuse and instruct each other; and when in company,

pany, whether she talks little or much, you have the happiness to know she will not utter a sentence that will draw a blush on your cheek, or point the finger of ridicule to herself. Your friend, my lord, Sir Harry Garnet, is I think a sufficient caution against marrying a woman of slender abilities: he, poor man, instantly leaves the assembly or card party when his lady enters, for if he remains he is called on by his laughing friends, every instant, to attend to the good things uttered by his lady, as they are pleased to term them. A sensible, good woman, is the fairest jewel a man can possess: her brightness reflects on her husband wherever she goes. That man, however extensive his knowledge may be, possesses a narrow mind, and mean spirit, to reject or despise information or knowledge, because received from a woman."

"Mr. Hyperton," said Sir George, rising

rising from his seat, "favour me with your hand: your opinion respecting the ladies is congenial with my own; and to the sorrow of the sex be it spoken, few men think as we do."

"Sir George," said Obreskoff, "you fight the ladies' battles so powerfully, that I think it looks like ingratitude in the sex, that none have rewarded you with her hand."

"I was just going to inform the company of my unfortunate attempts to fix with some woman of sense and goodness, when my friend interrupted me, because he thought I spoke with too much deference of the sex. It is every man's duty, who is blessed with a good wife, to respect the sex for her sake. On Count Antonio this duty is doubly incumbent, inasmuch as he has a wife incomparable; but to proceed with my little amours.

"The first lady I ventured to address

dress was recommended to me by a gentleman I had often met in polite circles, but had no intimate knowledge of her: he brought me some pieces of poetry of her composition, and some of her translations, which I read, and found great beauties in them: he then offered to introduce me to the lady; but charged me not to mention the poetry, or translations, saying she was very diffident and bashful, and never joined in conversation, if literature was the subject. I was impatient to be introduced to a lady so learned and so bashful: at last the evening arrived; I went with my friend, and strictly observed his injunctions: the lady received me with great stiffness, and on common subjects I observed a great degree of hebetude in her conversation, which rather disgusted me; at the same time she endeavoured at a politeness and

gentility

gentility I plainly saw was adscititious; but not willing to draw my opinion of her character from a superficial knowledge, I made her several visits; my last was a dinner visit by invitation; the company was small—the lady, my friend, and self. During dinner I cut up a roast duck, by her desire, and assisted her to some; she immediately found fault; it was roasted to rags, was her elegant expression. I said it was roasted a little too much; but the condiment was so extremely well flavoured, that it recompensed for the fault."

"Nothing can recompense for the fault, Sir George, and I beg you will not defend my servants; as to the condiments—I see no condiment. What do you mean?"

I bowed, and replied—"I beg pardon, madam, for taking the liberty of praising the seasoning of the duck.

As

As to interfering with your servants I have no intention, nor will I give you the least offence again."

"Why, Sir George, it is monstrous in you to say any thing in favour of servants—they are such a set of wretches, that it is impossible to keep them under enough. Why, now! if the footman goes and tells the cook that you praised the duck, she will be so proud and saucy that I dare not speak to her. Indeed, I never own that any thing pleases me; I never condescend to speak to the creatures, but to scold them, and let them know I am mistress."

"I am sorry, madam," returned I, "that you have such bad servants. I never find fault with mine, yet I believe they all know and acknowledge that I am master."

"Not scold them, Sir George! Oh! the filthies—the filthies. What else

are

are they fit for?—A parcel of lazy, idle, dirty, sau——"

"Stop, madam, if you please," said I, "you will oblige me by dropping this subject; you may enumerate their qualities another time—servants were never the subject of my discourse.—There are many good deserving people in the state of servitude; and they are a class of people the rich cannot do without, and there are duties and obligations on the master's side equally as on the servant."

"Are you! Sir George, to dictate to me what subject I am to talk on," returned the lady, her eyes darting fire, and her face in high glow. "If you are so fond of the filthy, low wretches, you are not a fit companion for me."

"I perceive, madam," answered I, coolly, "that I am not a fit companion for you." I rose, and rang the bell—

bell—the servant entered—I ordered my carriage:—"Nor am I fond of dirty, low wretches; but, I respect a good servant, and know them to be all the children of the same God." My carriage drove to the door—I wished the lady a good evening, and bowed to my ——, or rather her friend. The next morning I was honoured with a visit from the gentleman, with many apologies from the lady, requesting my company that evening. I returned my compliments to the lady, that my visits, from the first, were made with a matrimonial intent; and I had sufficient reason to believe that her disposition and mine would by no means suit each other, therefore must decline the honour of visiting her again. This answer did not satisfy him; he urged me to renew the acquaintance—I was provoked, and told him, "I am convinced, sir, that the lady you want to impose

impose on me is not the woman of fashion and family you wish me to think her. Her conversation and manners declare her education, and the sort of company she has been accustomed to: as to her being a poet and translator, I doubt much if she can read the verse you pretend she has written. If you do not leave my house, I shall make it my business to expose you to those circles I have met you in." The gentleman looked big, blustered round the room—talked of the lady's delicacy and character, and closing his speech with an Irish oath, strutted out with a martial air.—I soon discovered, through an indirect inquiry, that this lady had long been his favourite; that she had kindly assisted in spending his fortune, which once was handsome; and I judge the plan laid was, that they would both assist in spending mine, had I been drawn

drawn into a matrimonial connexion with the lady. This you will allow was a fortunate escape."

"This lady, Sir George," said Count Antonio, "you will allow to be a bad woman?"

"Most certainly I do; but she had a bad man to aid her! Whether this woman was naturally bad, I cannot say; or, how far this dashing Irishman had corrupted her. My next escape from a similar snare, you are all acquainted with, except Count Obreskoff; and I will thank Countess Theresa to inform you," said Sir George, addressing the Count Obreskoff.—"M. Marcid, whom I have long known as a virtuoso, first introduced me to Miss Malversa, and all I know of the lady was from him; but I strongly suspect their views were on my fortune—and I am happy at the discovery! And as I have not confidence enough to

select a lady for myself, I will endeavour to make myself as happy as I can without."

"It is a pity, Sir George," said the prince, "that you cannot meet with a lady to enjoy life with—hundreds would esteem themselves happy in the affection and protection of so worthy a man. I must say I honour your sentiments of the female sex! Had I a female relation to offer, I should feel honoured by the alliance!"

"No, Prince Gareci, I should be the honoured man."

The next morning the courier arrived from Vienna, with a letter from M. Kruges, in the politest style thanking the prince for his care and trouble of Theresa; that he would instantly set out for Presburg.

"Now, my Theresa," said the prince, "collect your spirits—this is the last trial for your feelings."

"Ah!"

"Ah!" sighed Theresa, "I wish I could think so; but I too plainly see that my happiness will be of short duration; when I shall have attained the two objects most desirable to my heart, one I fear will soon be torn from me."

"No!" said the prince, "entertain no such thought; we will as soon as possible leave this place. At Vienna we shall get able advice. I thought last night he appeared much better."

"He was in good spirits last night; but this morning he complains of much pain from the internal part of the wound."

"Well, my dear, we will hope the best, and arm yourself for the worst. If tenderness and attention on your part, and the best advice Vienna can afford, will save the Count, we may hope to enjoy his friendship long."

Theresa went to inform Obreskoff,

that her uncle was expected every hour.

"This news makes me happy; I now shall have the satisfaction of seeing you restored to your uncle before I die: he will be a guardian to my child, and a protector to you."

"Oh! my Obreskoff, do not afflict me with such forebodings. It is some weeks since you were wounded, and you are better, rather than worse—cannot you indulge hope! Will not the sight of my uncle agitate you too much?"

"No!—however he may upbraid me, he cannot be more severe than I merit."

Late in the evening M. Kruges arrived, and was received by the prince and M. Kenelm: he embraced them, and endeavoured to make some apologies for so long neglecting his niece, and reflected on himself for being so long

long inexorable; and concluded with saying, he found it hard—very hard, to forgive a girl who had disgraced his name, and disappointed his dearest hopes.

The prince then informed him, that his niece was no longer Theresa Kruges, but Countess Obreskoff.

"We hope you will excuse our not waiting for your arrival to witness the ceremony: but the Count was impatient, and the surgeon thinking his life very doubtful, we thought it advisable to have the ceremony performed as soon as possible."

"It is very right," he replied; "pray let me see my niece first."

Theresa entered; Imma followed with Pheneas; the old gentleman moved hastily to meet her. She was dropping on her knees, he caught her in his arms, and embraced her tenderly, and exclaimed—

"Oh! my Theresa—my niece—enough have you suffered—humble yourself no more; I forgive you sincerely; nor ever shall the recollection of the past cross my mind." He then led her to a seat near his, and embraced her again; when the little Phenicas engaged his attention, by calling mamma.

"And is this the dear boy you brought forth in misery and anguish? I blush to think that strangers forgave your fault, and protected you, when my proud heart would not hear your name."

"I am fully paid, sir," said Theresa, "for all my sufferings of both mind and body, in the recovery of your affection."

The prince then introduced his daughter, Imma, and Count Antonio; Sir George, Lord Tyfield, and Mr. Hyperton, entering soon after, were likewise presented to M. Kruges: he then

then expressed a wish to see Count Obreskoff. The prince, and M. Kenelm conducted him to his apartment.—Obreskoff received him with confusion in his countenance, and his whole frame violently agitated. M. Kruges approached the bed—took Obreskoff's hand:

"Be calm," said M. Kruges, "I come not to reproach you: I have heard of your repentance: I receive you as my nephew—be fond and faithful to my girl—make her happy, and I shall be so."

"This is unlooked for kindness! I hope the few days I have to live, I shall do all in my power to merit your kindness."

"Come, come—keep up your spirits. I understand from the courier, that you was dangerously wounded; and thinking the surgeons of Vienna more experienced men than those of Presburg,

I ordered a litter to follow me. I expect it will be here in the morning; in that carriage you may be moved to Vienna without fatigue, and we will leave this place as soon as possible."

The litter arrived in the morning, and at noon the whole party left Presburg. Theresa travelled in the litter with Obreskoff and the nurse: M. Kruges insisted, that Pheneas and Lissa should travel in the carriage with him. M. Kenelm prevailed on Sir George Philomath to postpone his journey to Greece, and return with him to Germany. The whole party stopped at M. Kenelm's, for a short time, and had the pleasure to find Wilhelmina perfectly recovered, and in high spirits. Obreskoff was not removed from the litter. Madam Kenelm paid her respects to him, and received his thanks for her kindness to Theresa."

"Imma, António, the prince, Lord Tyfield,

Tyfield, and Mr. Hyperton, attended Theresa and Obreskoff to Vienna. On their arrival, two surgeons and a physician were sent for. They examined Obreskoff's wounds, but declined giving their opinion till the next day. Anxiously did Theresa wait for the next day. The surgeons met, and pronounced that his recovery could not be hoped for; but it was possible he might live two or three months. Obreskoff heard their opinion with firmness; and when they left his chamber, he took M. Kruges's hand, and said—

"I thank my God! that he has brought me to this state of repentance, and has given me so much time to atone for my sins! The happiness I now feel, might have been mine years ago; but I, like too many of my acquaintance, courted her in another shape, and fancied she was only to be found in a variety of libertine pleasures! I

should be grateful, if it would please God to prolong my life—but his will be done! My greatest grief is my Theresa. Suffer her not to indulge in unavailing grief, at my death; and as soon as decency will allow, endeavour to find some worthy young man to fill my place—one that will make Theresa happy, and be a kind father to my son."

"I am sincerely concerned," said M. Kruges, "that I can offer no hope as to your recovery; but whenever it pleases God to take you from us, it will be an event which will throw my little family into the deepest sorrow.—— Respecting Theresa's future views, I shall not interfere; she is very young, and it marks a generosity in you I must admire, thus to think of her future happiness."

"Sir! she claims all I can do for her; and I request you will order your attorney to attend here to-morrow, that I may,

I may, while in full possession of my faculties, make every arrangement necessary. To Theresa, I will leave an estate I have in Livona, which brings in four thousand a year sterling, with the furniture and plate for her life, and at her disposal at her death.—To my dear boy, Pheneas, I will leave an estate at Riga, which yearly income is full double—one thousand of which, together with the interest of the other seven, is for the support and education of my child.—There is also ten thousand pounds in the Russian funds, which I shall leave to Theresa without controul. I shall leave her joint executrix with yourself. The small estate at Livona, which gives the title to our family, must devolve to my uncle's son."

M. Kruges, highly satisfied with the disposal of Obreskoff's property, went to his attorney; and he attended at the

appointed time. The will was made, and witnessed by Lord Tyfield, Mr. Hyperton, and Prince Gareci. To Count Antonio and Imma he left handsome legacies; and a thousand pounds to Antonio, in trust, for the benefit of an English girl, who he met with at Livona, three years before; and he gave Antonio the best clue he could to discover her. In a few hours after the will was signed and sealed, Lord Tyfield and Mr. Hyperton took their leave of the family: Obreskoff pressed their hands fervently to his breast, and declared they were his saviours. When Theresa expressed her thanks, for the kind part they had taken in Obreskoff's affairs, his lordship pressed her hand; and while he declared the pleasure it gave him to know he had been in the least instrumental to her happiness, an indifferent observer would easily have discovered, that his heart was too deeply

deeply interested in all that concerned her.

Theresa, thus restored to Obreskoff, and her uncle; Imma, Antonio, and the prince, took their leave, with the most earnest prayers for Obreskoff's recovery, but not with the smallest hope. A constant correspondence was promised on both sides: Theresa urged Imma to stay; but the feelings and impatience of a fond mother hurried her home.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

ALL were in good health and spirits in Portland Place; and a negotiation was on foot, between the Earl of Cleobright and M. Kenelm, on a proposed union, between Lady Maria and William Kenelm: the parties soon came to a final agreement. M. Kenelm made the most liberal proposals, and a handsome settlement was made on her ladyship: a house was taken and handsomely furnished, and every necessary preparation made.

M. Kenelm urged Sir George to accompany them to England, to honour the celebration of their son's wedding; but the conditions of his compliance were, that Wilhelmina should be of the party.

party. The young lady joyfully thanked Sir George for the proposal, but Madam Kenelm did not immediately give her consent:—she retired, and sent for her niece to her dressing-room.

"My dear Wilhelmina," said the aunt, "you expressed great pleasure at the idea of going to England, to be present at your cousin's wedding! You surely have not considered that you will be in the same house with Lord Stellor, and continually in his company? Will it not revive in your breast that partiality you have so much difficulty to conquer? And though he is totally ignorant of the high esteem you have for him—you are not of his opinion of you?"

"No, madam, I am not: and I despise him for that opinion; and can behold him, and converse with him, with the greatest indifference."

"Are

"Are you sure you do not deceive yourself in this matter?"

"Yes, madam; most sure."

"Can you account for Sir George, asking for your company?"

"In no other way than that I expressed a great wish to see England, when he was talking of my cousin's wedding."

"Well, my dear, I shall speak to your uncle on the business."

On Madam Kenelm leaving the room, Sir George said,

"I hope your ladyship is not offended, at my demanding terms for my company; I did it merely in hopes of obtaining what your niece so much wishes, for I have no other view: not that I will deny her company gives me great pleasure, and will add much to my felicity—her lively chat enlivens our hours."

"She

"She is, Sir George, a lively little girl."

"It is my misfortune the lady is not older."

"Why so, Sir George?"

"You will smile at the confession; but was the lady suitable to my years, I should be honoured by being received into your family."

"Age, Sir George, in my opinion is the last thing to be considered:—if two people like each other, and are of similar dispositions, there is little doubt of happiness; it will give me great pleasure to marry her to some worthy man, but I will never bias her inclination."

"Then, my friend, you will allow me to offer myself to your niece. I would not force any woman to my arms; if she declares any degree of aversion, I promise you I shall not make her life unhappy by my perseverance."

"I rely

"I rely on your honour, Sir George; indeed your respect for the sex is sufficient surety, that you will not do any thing that will render one of them unhappy."

In the evening Madam Kenelm informed her husband of Wilhelmina's wish to accompany them to England.

"I have no objection to her going," returned he, "but what, my *dear*, do you think of Sir George, for a nephew?"

"Sir George! for a nephew! Mercy on us, my dear! He can never think of such a thing, to be sure?"

"Indeed, he does; and has obtained my permission to offer himself."

"Really! you have quite astonished me. I think Wilhelmina will not approve of his antique figure. I shall as soon expect her to fall in love with a Goth, or the antient figure of Priam, in her Aunt Heslem's vestuble. I think

there

there is no fear of Wilhelmina's giving him any hopes."

A few days after this conversation, Madam Kenelm was busy with her maid, in giving orders for packing for the journey, when Wilhelmina came jumping into her aunt's dressing-room, exclaiming,

"Oh! my dear aunt, I have such news—Oh! such news!"

"It is good by your looks?"

"Oh! I will tell you; but Ursula must not hear."

"And Ursula must not be hindered, so we will go to your room."

When Madam Kenelm was seated, Wilhelmina pressed her hand, and exclaimed,

"Oh! my dear aunt, Sir George has made me an offer of his hand!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes! indeed, he has."

"And

"And what answer did you make?"

"I looked down, and told him, I must ask you: he said, certainly; but, my dear Wilhelmina, if your aunt has no objection, may I flatter myself that you have none."

"And what answer did you make?"

"I said, I believed I had none."

"And do you, Wilhelmina, believe so?"

"Yes, madam; I think I have none."

"Is it possible! that you, who was struck with the youth and beauty of Lord Stellor, can be pleased with the age and formality of Sir George!"

"He is not ugly, madam."

"No, my dear, he is not: his face is rather handsome, but he is older than your uncle; and is stiff and formal in his manner and dress."

"Oh! madam; he looks quite young and

and handsome, when compared with M. Hagermann, who my Aunt Heslem wishes me to marry."

"That may be, my dear; but do not marry an old man to avoid another; for I promise you, you shall neither marry Sir George Philomath, nor M. Hagermann, against your will; and I would have you consider well this offer of Sir George's, before you give a final answer; for should you, after you have bound yourself by promise to Sir George, meet with a younger man whom your heart tells you is more suited to make you happy, you cannot with honour recede from your engagement. I would have you act with justice to yourself, and honour to Sir George—he is a worthy man, and must be treated with respect and consideration."

"What, my dear aunt, must I say to Sir George, when I see him?"

"Whatever

"Whatever your heart dictates; but put off the period of giving him your final answer until you have been some time in England."

The next *tête-a-tête* Sir George had with Wilhelmina, he pressed to know her determination:—"If he dare hope, or for ever banish himself from her sight?"

"No, Sir George," answered Wilhelmina, "you must not leave me, but you will allow me longer time to consider of it."

"How long?" asked the baronet.

"Till after my cousin is married."

"Let it be as you wish, my angelic Wilhelmina; if, at that time, you consent to be mine,' I oppignorate my honour, to devote every hour of my life to your happiness."

Thus stood affairs between Wilhelmina and Sir George, when they arrived in England; but the hopes he en-

tertained of one day enlisting under the honourable banner of matrimony, gave him youth and life. It was his whole employ to make Wilhelmina acquainted with every thing worthy of notice in London.

The marriage of W. Kenelm and Lady Maria, was celebrated with much festivity. Lord Linton was invited to grace the wedding, but from the uncertain state of his father's health, he was obliged to decline it. The earl daily sunk under the painful weight of disorders, and the physicians hourly expected his demise.

A few weeks after the marriage, M. and Madam Kenelm, with the new married couple, Sir George, and Wilhelmina, paid a visit to Bath. All the gaieties of London, Antwerp, and the still gayer scenes of Bath, with an idea of the greater brilliancies London would exhibit in the winter, so gained

on

on Wilhelmina's heart, that she had determined to be Sir George's. And when, a few days after their arrival at Bath, the humble baronet tremblingly asked, if she would honour him with her hand: she had the ready—yes—for his ear! He was transported, and ran half way to the drawing-room, to acquaint M. Kenelm; then returned to assure his fair one how much he felt himself honoured!

During their stay at Bath, the good old Earl of Wedworth, drew his last breath, and left his amiable son disconsolate, who, though contrary to fashionable custom, accompanied by two friends, attended his father's remains to the family vault in Hampshire; from whence, after paying every duty and respect to his father's memory, he returned to his town house, and soon joined his friends.

Lord Tyfield, and his friend Mr. Hyperton,

Hyperton, were frequent and welcome guests at the earl's and count's, and generally met Lord Linton: an imperceptible friendship took place between them. Lady Tyfield, from the long and interesting accounts her son had given her of his new friends, wished to be introduced to them.

An evening was fixed, and the whole of the party met at the earl's. Lady Tyfield was introduced by her son, and retired much gratified. The next morning her ladyship made a visit to the Countess of Sansovino and her daughter: she played with Felix, and appeared truly amiable. Orsato and Cassandra entreated the honour of her company as often as she could disengage herself from her more valuable friends. She politely received the invitation, and made her visits friendly and frequent.

"Where, my dear countess," said

"Lord Linton and Lord Tyfield."

"And is Lord Linton attached to the Countess Obreskoff?"

"He is, and received the infection about the same time Lord Tyfield did; he knew, that ill as Obreskoff had used her, he was in possession of her whole soul, and therefore to make her any offers would be deemed by her an insult. As soon as my marriage had taken place he left us, in hopes of recovering in England that tranquillity he had lost with us."

"I am exceeding sorry for them both, and will use all my endeavours to fix my son's attention on some other lady; yet, it is a matter I do not like to interfere in, for young men seldom rightly approve the wives chosen by their mothers."

"I do assure your ladyship, that I tremble for Theresa: I fear, when a widow, she will have difficulties to encounter,

counter, which will distress her generous feelings."

They were interrupted in this *tête-a-tête*, by the entrance of the Earl of Cleobright, with an account of the arrival of their friends from Bath, and that the day was fixed for the nuptials of Sir George Philomath and Wilhelmina.

"Is it the Sir George," asked Lady Tyfield, "who my son met abroad?"

"The very same, my lady," said the earl.

"He is certainly a curious character —is he not?"

"He is," said Imma; "I will describe him." Here Imma gave a very humorous description of Sir George; and her ladyship took her leave with her ideas clearly informed of Sir George's person, dress, manners, and conversation.

Great were the preparations for the

wedding, which was to take place at the earl's. Lord and Lady Tyfield, and Mr. Hyperton, were the only strangers invited. Sir George requested Mr. Hyperton would perform the ceremony.

The company assembled to breakfast—when Sir George appeared leading in the bride, who was dressed extremely becoming, and looked very pretty. Sir George wore his hair dressed, full powdered, with long curls at each ear, a dark coat lined with white satin, in a very formal cut, and court collar; his shoes fastened tight round the ancles with a pair of silver latchets of curious make.

On Lady Maria's remarking them, "Madam," said Sir George, "these latchets were once worn by the Evangelist Saint John! He left them in the cave, when he wrote the Apocalypse, in the Island of Patmos, where I purchased

chased them, and a part of the Protocol of the Apocalypse."

"And do you admire them?" said Lady Maria.

"Certainly! they are antique!"

"Sir George," asked Lord Linton, "did your friend at Venice procure you the Protocol of St. Mark's Gospel?"

"No, my lord, I have not interest sufficient to purchase it; but I mean to offer a sum of money for the permission of translating it there."

"Oh! Sir George," said the Countess of Cleobright, "you must not think of translations and antiques now, Lady Philomath will claim all your time and attention: you have sought after curiosities long enough, I must beg you to give up the pursuit."

Mr. Hyperton then informed the company, that it was time to prepare for the ceremony.

When the company were on the move, Lady Tyfield whispered to Imma,—"What a strange figure the bridegroom is! How can the girl think of marrying him? Do her friends insist on it? She is really a pretty girl."

When Imma assured her, it was her own choice, her ladyship said, "She has a strange taste!"

The ceremony was performed by Mr. Hyperton, with great solemnity: the dinner was splendid, and the day passed in pleasant gaiety. The next day, the bride and bridegroom, with their uncle and aunt, set off for Sir George's villa near Effingham; but previous to his departure, Sir George sent cards of invitation to all present at his wedding, to spend a few days at his villa, naming the day he should expect them. The card sent to Mr. Hyperton, was accompanied by a small, but beautiful

note-book, enclosing a note for fifty pounds.

"Well!" said Lady Tyfield, "I see the man knows how to do a genteel thing; I begin to have a better opinion of him than I had."

On the morning of that day fixed by Sir George, for his friends' visit, Imma received a letter from M. Kruges, with the account of Count Obreskoff's death. Imma dwelt so much on her friend's feelings, on this sad event, that her spirits were too much depressed to join the party; but begged her mother to make her excuse to Lady and Sir George Philomath, and she would amuse her mind in writing an answer to M. Kruges's letter, and a letter of condolence to the widowed countess.

Sir George treated his friends in the true style of hospitality. Lord Linton had recovered his spirits sufficiently to rally his friend on his antique manners,

to the no small amusement of Lady Tyfield, who entered with glee into any little pleasantry, and could laugh at what is fashionably called a good hokes. Sir George was much played on, but his determined good-humour passed it off. The mirth and happiness enjoyed in the parlour, was communicated to the steward's room and kitchen, where poor Ursula and Leolin, were as much the source of mirth to the servants, as Sir George was to his friends. The second morning, at breakfast, Lady Philomath requested she might entertain the company in the Grecian temple that evening.

"It shall be so," said Sir George; "all the music shall be carried there; and while the company are taking their tea and coffee, I will repeat a short, but beautiful poem, from Hesiod: you shall have the Greek first, then my translation."

"And,"

"And," said Lord Stellor, "if the ladies are fond of Greek, I will give them a treatise from Thales, on astronomy."

"And I," added Lord Linton, "will repeat my last Greek lesson, set me by Sir George."

"Well," said Lady Maria, "we shall have more Greek than any of us understand; but if Imma was here, she would throw you all in the back ground, and out-repeat you all, both in grace and harmony: her favourite, Pindar's Lyrics, would bear away the palm!"

"Lady Maria," said Sir George, bending, "to Imma I give place!—Imma, I adore, as a female deity of learning."

Sir George then went to give orders for the temple being made ready. The gentlemen missed Sir George, and waited for him two hours, as he promised to join them in a ride. Lord Linton,

at length, quite impatient at the delay, went to seek him: he inquired of every servant he met for their master; each with a simper, said, they knew not where he was. At last, peeping into the housekeeper's room, he surprised Sir George in the act of assisting her.

"Hey, Sir George! what are you doing here? What! turned cook—Why, you have surely taken Lady Philomath's place."

"Oh! my lord, I ask you pardon," said Sir George, much confused—"pray do not stay here. I was only—I wished—I will tell you, my lord—I wished to make my little refreshments for this evening in the Greek style, to correspond with the place; and have instructed my housekeeper to make a few cates a-la-Greek, and we are now making ices after the Greek fashion; but Marmalade cannot think they are good."

"Ha!

"Ha! ha! ha! Sir George, you are very kind. Greek ices! I never heard of them before."

"Fie, my lord, you have ate them; they are made all over Italy."

"What, Sir George, do you mean ices made without milk or cream?"

"The same, my lord; and you must remember the delicious ones we had at Salerno, when we were in pursuit of Imma."

"Yes, I do; they were good; the fruit was fine, and well flavoured."

"And the nearer, my lord, you go to Greece, the finer the ices are. I am persuaded, that the most eastern and southern parts of Italy were once inhabited by Greeks; for, in this same place, Salerno, and many others, when they kill a cow, or an ox, they put gold on his hoofs and horns, and a wreath of flowers round the neck, and expose the animal to public view the whole day,

day, very similar to the antient sacrifices."

"But, Sir George, I can answer for the company, that they had rather eat ices in the English style, than be deprived of your company."

"Well, my lord, I will attend you; but do you not think those ices were like these? Do look, my lord."

"Upon my soul, I know nothing of the matter, if I do look: come, you must go with me, and let Mrs. Marmalade make the ices her own way."

"Oblige me, my lord; inform the gentlemen I will attend them in a minute."

His lordship went laughing to the breakfast room.—"Ladies! ladies! we shall have Greek ices, Greek sweetmeats, and Greek cates, this evening! Sir George has been helping the housekeeper these two hours."

"Where is he?" exclaimed all, leaving

ing their seats: "we will see him at work."—"In the housekeeper's room. Run, run," said Lord Linton, "or you will be too late."

Away they went, and met Sir George. "My dear ladies," said the baronet, "where are you going?"

"To be instructed by you," said Lady Maria, "in Greek cookery."

"Oh that gad-fly, Lord Linton! he stings me whenever he can; nor have I any apologetical power—he is my enemy on all sides; but after dinner I will tell my tale, and, if I have been guilty, in the least guilty of an aberrance, I hope you will pardon me, and set me right."

After dinner the ladies retired to the Greek temple, where they found all the musical instruments. The gentlemen soon followed; and they obliged Sir George, by attentively attending to his poem from Hesiod, and they all declared it

it was beautiful. Then Lady Philomath led the way to amusements more divine. Lord Linton was an able master on the violoncello; Count Orsato and Antonio took violins, and Lady Philomath sat down to the piano-forte. They had duettos, trios, and solos. The evening was most agreeably divided between music and conversation. After coffee, the Greek ices and cates were introduced, and were much praised by the ladies, although they were almost stifled with the perfume when they bit the cates; so liberal had Sir George been with his scents.

"I do not wish to feed with the Greeks, Sir George," said Lord Linton, "if all their food is so highly perfumed."

"Nor to study with them neither, my lord," said Sir George: "their food and their learning are both too high for you."

"You

"You are right, Sir George; they are so," replied his lordship.

When the ices and cates had been thoroughly investigated, and their goodness descanted on, and Sir George called on by each lady for a receipt to make these Greek daintles, they again returned to the soul-melting sounds, when, on a sudden, the most violent screams assailed their ears; the door of the temple opened, and in jumped, or rather rolled, Ursula, while the hollow groans of Leolin were heard without. Ursula saw her mistress, and her fears impelled her forward; she knelt by her side, threw her arms round her waist, and hid her face in her lap, crying out, a ghost! a ghost! This sudden alarm threw the company into a consternation; the gentlemen ran to the door from whence the groans issued, and found Leolin flat on his face, trembling as if he had an ague. They lifted him up; he kept his

his eyes shut, and roared out, "Oh, don't take me! Oh, don't take me!" They brought him into the temple. Fright had so bereft the poor fellow of his recollection, that, on seeing the lights fixed and shining round, he fell on his knees, and, with uplifted hands, prayed for God's sake to be let loose, while the perspiration fell in streams from his face, and his hair stood erect.

"What can this mean?" said Sir George. "What, young woman, has frightened you so?"

"A ghost! Oh, a ghost!" answered Ursula.

"No, child," he returned, "that cannot be. I never heard that an empusa was ever seen in my house."

"How, child," asked Madam Kenelm, "have you been so frightened?"

"Why, madam, Leolin and I came to that door, to listen to the music and singing.

singing. Leolin loves music, madam: he plays very well on the flute."

"No, Ursula, not very well," said Leolin.

"So, madam, we stood there, and the gardener passed by, and asked me to go with him to see the hot-house. I said, yes; but Leolin would not let me go without him."

"Do not say so, Ursula, I did not want to go; but you know, you will not go any where without me."

"Well, Leolin," said Madam Kenelm, "do not interrupt Ursula any more," to the great disappointment of the gentlemen, who were much pleased with this specimen of low-born German gallantry.

"We went to the hot-house, and stayed a great while, till it was quite dark. When we came out, there stood a large white face, with two eyes of fire. I ran and screamed; then, turning

ing down another walk, a tall white ghost met me, with fire coming out of the top of his head, and fire in his hand. I ran till I saw this place, and came for you to save me."

"Oh, Ursula! I looked back as I ran, and saw twenty ghosts," said Leolin.

"My good man," said Mr. Hyperton, "there is no such thing in nature as a ghost: it is all mere imagination."

"No, indeed, sir, this is not imagination; for the fiery ghost followed us a great way; and I saw old Mildred's ghost the day she was buried."

"So you may think—you think these were ghosts you saw just now."

"Oh, holy Agnes! yes, to be sure they were ghosts, and they howled so horridly."

"Now, my friend, to convince you they are not ghosts, you shall see them again."

"Oh,

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" cried Leolin, falling on his knees, "as sure as angels flew away with Enoch to heaven, I shall lose my senses if I see them again."

"Not if I am with you," returned Mr. Hyperton.

"Oh, I don't know," said Leolin, at the same time laying fast hold of Mr. Hyperton's coat.

Sir George then made an inquiry into the cause of the alarm, and was told by Mons. Papillon that the servants, finding Ursula and Leolin were much afraid of ghosts, and declared they had seen such things, determined to have what they called a bit of fun; and while they were in the hot-house, they placed a turnip, which had been prepared for the purpose, on a rail in one of the walks: the candle within glared through the apertures cut to form eyes nose, and mouth, to the great terror of

Ursula and Leolin. As they ran from it, one of the men, who had put a sheet round him, and a small pot of spirits of wine on his head, and another in his hand, to which he set fire, met them. The blue flame threw a ghastly paleness over his face, and the fire on his head filled the panic-struck Germans with terror.

Sir George expressed great anger on the occasion, and ordered the turnip to be brought, and the corporeal ghost to make his appearance: he was obeyed. Leolin, keeping fast hold of Mr. Hyperton's coat, viewed the turnip without much emotion; but the living ghost shocked him, which he expressed by griping Mr. Hyperton's arm, who made Leolin and Ursula take the turnip in their hands, and examine the man in the sheet. They confessed that they were convinced that one was a turnip, the other a man.

"Now,"

"Now," said Mr. Hyperton, "you shall see that it is only the dark which makes them look so frightful." He then ordered the candles to be put out. Ursula screamed, and hid her face. Leolin fell on the ground, and declared they were neither man nor turnip, but the devil; nor could he be prevailed on to look up, until the candles were lighted again.

"As sure as cruel men stoned St. Stephen, the devil has some hand in it."

"Countess," said Sir George, "the poor fellow talking of Saint Stephen has brought to my recollection a beautiful stone, with which that unfortunate deacon was lapidated."

"Is it possible, Sir George?"

"Yes; it is the one amongst the hundred which were thrown at Stephen, that drew the blood from his temple. The sanguinary stains could never be effaced, but add the most beautiful lucidity

lucidity to the stone you can suppose."

"Where did you meet with it?"

"At Jerusalem, countess."

"I should very much like to see it."

"You shall see it; I expect accounts of the ship's arrival every day: I have had advice of her sailing a great while ago."

"Is it so large, Sir George, that you could not bring it in your carriage?"

"No, it is not very large; but it is packed up with many other valuables."

"Leolin," said M. Kenelm, "you are obstinate and foolish: begone with your idle fears."

The poor creature with Ursula went to the door of the temple, but they could not encounter the dangers of the garden by themselves.

While the company were laughing at the ludicrous scene which had interrupted

rupted their harmony, a servant returned from the town with letters left by the mail. After making a thousand apologies, he opened them. On reading the last he opened, he turned pale, and exclaimed, "I am the most unfortunate man in existence!"

"My dear Sir George," said Lady Philomath, "what is the matter? What bad news? Pray tell me."

"Oh, my dear lady, the ship is lost which contained a most valuable treasure—things I prized beyond all I have in the world!"

"Heavens!" said Lord Linton,—"what can they be, and Lady Philomath here?"

"My dear lord, I have to emparlance my lady's pardon:—her excepted, I must say these things I valued more than all my possessions.——Bless me, I have a pain in my side!"

"Take some hartshorn and water, my dear."

"No, my lady, a glass of wine."

The wine was brought; he drank it, then walked the room.

"Now I am better," said Sir George, "and will, if possible, read to you a list of the valuables I have lost: they cost me many hundred pounds."

He took, with trembling hand, from his pocket-book a paper, and read.

"The first valuable on the list, my friends, is the lamp which the Poetess Sappho used in her study. This I purchased at Lesbos, now called Metalene, and I intended it as a present for Lady Philomath's study.—Second, some curious mathematical instruments, made by Euclid himself.—Thirdly, some original maps, taken by Strabo, the Greek geographer.—Fourthly, the stone by which Saint Stephen was lapidated.

—Fifthly,

—Fifthly, the protocol of Quintus Curtius's history of Alexander the great. —Sixthly, Homer's ink-stand: this I bought at the island of Scio; it was of curious workmanship: Homer's ink-stand I also intended for Lady Philomath's study.—Seventhly, the first bell ever made, invented by Bishop Paulinus.—Eighthly, the protocol of Æsop's fables.—Ninthly——bless me! this pain in my side is so bad, I cannot read: it comes on with violence."

They all expressed great concern at his loss: he thanked them, and begged leave to retire.

In the morning Sir George was not well enough to leave his room, but received his friends' adieu in his bedroom. This loss affected Sir George's spirits very much, when one day, conversing with M. Kenelm, he declared he had suffered so much in his mind, and had spent so large a part of his

fortune in these pursuits, that he had formed a resolution to give up what was for many years his only delight; and, for the future, domesticate himself with his lady.

M. Kenelm applauded his resolution, and a few days after one of the morning papers fixed his resolves, by a ludicrous paragraph, describing his loss and grief on the occasion in an extravagant manner.

Count Antonio, by the assistance of West, discovered the unfortunate girl whom Obreskoff left the thousand pounds to. West went according to the direction, and found out her mother, a jolly, red-faced woman, mistress of a liquor-shop. On his inquiring for one Rebecca Bolt, she replied, "I am Rebecca Bolt."—Then said West, "it must be your daughter I want."

"What," said she, "are you the Russian dog that ruined her?"

"No,

"No, I am not; but I know something of him, and I want to see your daughter."

"Then you may seek her; I know nothing of her, nor her Russian bastard."

"I suppose you can tell me where she lives?"

"No, I don't know if she lives at all; I heard she was dying a twelvemonth ago for want, they said; but never went to see her."

"Where was she when she was in that dying state?"

"I know nothing of her; and beg you will march off, you Russian dog, or I will shew you the door."

West, shocked at the woman's inhumanity, walked slowly away. He had not walked but a few yards when a young man pulled him by the arm.—"Sir, this is my sister's address; I hope your visit is for her good: I can-

not stay, lest my mother should miss me."

Away he ran as fast as possible, and West went according to the direction, and found poor Rebecca in a small room on the upper story. His entrance alarmed her; she rose and trembled.

"Your name," said he, "is Rebecca Bolt?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Have you ever been in Russia?"

"Yes, sir," said she faultering.

"I come from a gentleman, who has something of moment to inform you of."

"Who is he?" said she, sinking down.

"Be not alarmed: you have no knowledge of him, but I am desired by him to inquire how you live."

"By making these," said she, holding up a glove she was at work on, "I get

"I get a bit of bread for myself and child."

"And is this your child?" said West, taking a pretty little girl in his arms, and kissing her. "She is very like her father."

"You know her father?" she replied, with a sigh.

"I have seen him. To-morrow, if you will be at home, the gentleman will make you a visit."

Rebecca, agitated and trembling, could make no reply. West left her, with feelings and sentiments honourable to human nature. When he made his report to the count and countess, Imma expressed a wish to go with him. Accordingly, the carriage set them down the next day at the end of the street Rebecca lived in. West met them at the door, and conducted them to the room. Imma viewed the abode

of poverty with an aching heart. Rebecca turned pale, and trembled.

"Do not be alarmed," said the count, taking her hand, and desiring her to be seated; while Imma endeavoured to entice little Mary to her, who, unused to strangers, had ran into a corner.

"You, no doubt, are surprised at this visit," said the count. "I come to inform you, that I have a sum of money deposited in my hands for your use. You can form an idea by whom it was placed: he was sensible of the injury he had done you, and this was the only means by which he could make you recompense."

Rebecca's lips moved, but she had lost the power of speech.

"She is weak," said the count; "go West, and purchase a bottle of wine and something to eat."

"Now," resumed the count, "I would

would have this money laid out to the best advantage for you and your child. You must inform me what business you like, or are fit for."

After a great effort, Rebecca said,—"I cannot, sir, express my gratitude for your goodness; but I am afraid that I am not capable of any business. I should have done better for myself and child, could I have got into the service of some lady, and put my child out to nurse; but my imprudence lost me all my friends; my mother pushed me from the door, and declared death should be my lot before she would give me a penny. This unkind, though perhaps just, treatment from my mother, robbed me of every hope that my friends would receive me kinder. Without a recommendation I could not be received into any family; and shame forbid me from soliciting those who had been my friends."

"And

"And what living do you make by your work?" said Imma, in broken English.

"Very poor, indeed, madam. I pay three shillings a week for this room, and I seldom get more than seven shillings a week. Our principal food is bread, butter, and tea: meat or beer we never taste."

"This little dear," said Imma, "is very like her father."

"May I ask," said Rebecca, "if he is well, and where he is?"

"He is not very well," said the count; "I left him in Germany a few months ago: the count, his father, is dead."

"The count his father!" repeated Rebecca: "he cannot be the same."

"It certainly is," replied Antonio: "his name is Obreskoff."

"That is the name; but I never knew him but as the son of a trades-

man, and always looked on him as nearly my equal: had I known him to have been the son of a nobleman, I should have suspected the sincerity of his professions, and have escaped his snares."

"What place," asked Imma, "can you undertake in a gentleman's family?"

"I, madam, had the honour of waiting on a lady of quality three years: she took me to Russia."

"My dear," said Imma, "if you approve, I will take her to wait on me. Metella is too old, and does not understand dress: she is better in the nursery."

"I am perfectly agreeable, my dear, to it: are you, Rebecca, willing to part with your child?"

"Yes, sir, to a good nurse."

"Then see for one to take your child,

child, and consider yourself engaged to wait on the Countess of Gareci."

"I have no clothes, sir," said Rebecca, looking on the ground.

"Count Obreskoff has deposited one thousand pounds in my hands for you. I shall place it in the funds: by the time your child is of age, it will be double. The salary the countess will allow you, will amply provide for yourself and child. To-morrow I will send you thirty pounds by my valet: he will assist you in any thing—ask his advice."

Rebecca's feelings were too acute; gratitude and joy swelled her heart.

West returned with the wine and a cold fowl. The count and countess left her to enjoy her meal.

The next day West took Rebecca thirty pounds, and she promised to be ready to enter the countess's service

the

the following week. West, by the count's desire, in the course of conversation informed her of Count Obreskoff's death. She was visibly affected, and, looking on her child, shed tears.

At the time appointed Rebecca entered the countess's service, and her taste in dress, and ingenuity in making up every article of fashion, gave great satisfaction.

In the course of time both the love-sick lords made their wishes known to Countess Obreskoff. She, in the politest manner, thanked them for the honour they did her, but assured them her whole life would be devoted to her son; and that she could not think of dividing her affections between him and a husband:—they would always be ranked and esteemed in the number of her best friends.

Imma,

Imma, after giving the count a daughter, and standing sponsor to a son which Lady Maria presented to W. Kenelm, left England with the Count and Countess Sansovino, Prince Gareci, her husband and children, with a promise to visit England again in two years.

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